



The Grail

APRIL, 1930

The Secret

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

An Easter Visit

MARY CLARK JACOBS

Four Perplexing Words

E. WALSH

Old Globe--Shakespeare's Theatre

EVELYN CRANE

THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

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The Grail

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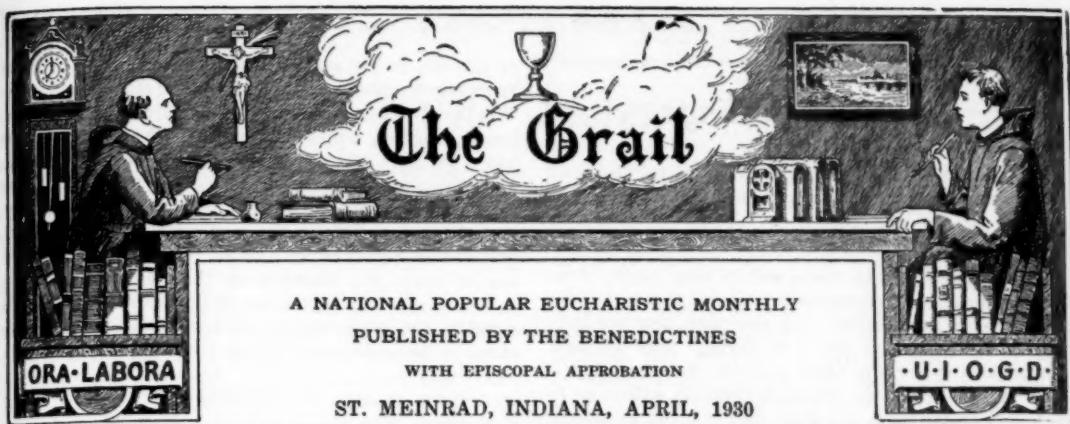
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THE SEED CAST INTO THE GROUND



A NATIONAL POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY
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ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, APRIL, 1930

• U · I · O · G · D ·

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Our Frontispiece

The parable of the seed cast into the ground is the only one which is recorded by St. Mark alone.

THE PARABLE

"So it is with the kingdom of God, as if a man should have cast seed into the earth, and should sleep, and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow up, whilst he knows not how. For the earth of itself brings forth fruit, first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn of the ear. And when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he puts in the sickle, because the harvest is come." (St. Mark 4:26-29.)

ITS EXPLANATION

The Evangelist does not record the particular circumstances under which this parable was proposed. It was probably propounded on the same occasion as that of the sower, or on one similar. After the sowing of the seed the ground must be harrowed so as to cover with soil the seed which has only been thrown on the surface of the earth. By far the more usual method in Palestine was to scatter the seed and then to plow the field, so as to get the seed deep into the ground. Rain falling during the sowing would often help to drive the grains deeper into the plowed soil. Sometimes, too, a herd of oxen was driven over the newly sown field.

In this parable our Savior lays stress not so much on the sowing of the seed, but rather on the behavior of the sower and the seed after the sowing. The farmer, after sowing the seed, pursues the wonted tenor of his life, "he sleeps and rises, night and day," without directly promoting the sprouting and the growth of the seed, nor even understanding this annual mystery of nature. The seed sprouts, grows, and develops from the blade to the full ear. Although the sower has no need to trouble himself about his seed after it was sown, still he was not indifferent to its growth. He carefully watched the sprouting, growing, and ripening of the grain, and he was ready at the right moment for the harvest.

ITS APPLICATION

Our Lord's first aim and intention in this parable is to illustrate His own personal work and labor in the Kingdom of God, which He had come to found on earth. This kingdom was to be established by His personal labor in bringing home His message to all men, the sowing of the seed of the Word of God into men's hearts. The growing seed reminds us of the growth and spread of Christ's kingdom among mankind, after He has withdrawn his visible presence and personal intervention. The sower who calmly watched, although he did not in the least interfere with or aid the development of the seed, appeared once more at the right moment with his sickle when the harvest was come. So, too, will Christ come at the glad harvest time to gather the grain into His granaries. Although the day of death marks the end of growth and the harvest time for every individual, still our Lord's words are to be taken as applying, primarily, not to the individual members, but to the kingdom as a whole. We can sum up the principal truth contained in this parable in the one sentence: Jesus Christ manifested His visible presence and personal intervention in the foundation of His kingdom, but will do so no more until it is consummated on earth; this kingdom, meanwhile, by its inherent divine power will spontaneously grow and develop until the end of time.

One little thought directed to Him,
One little second a day—
Changes a groan to an angelic hymn,
Changes dull labor to play.

Sacramental Humility

V. D.

Down humility's stairway the Lord comes apace
And offers Himself as our Food,
Yet more lowly and poor 'neath this Veil of Grace
Than when, naked, He hung on the Rood.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

THE TENDENCY AND ITS ANTIDOTE

Christians we are in name and in very truth, if we do what lies in us to remain Christians. It may be true that we have been formed to a new way, that we have "put on the new man which is Christ," that we have been molded spiritually after a Divine Pattern; but it is no less true that the tendency remains within us to snap back to the ways of nature and to bring to naught in a moment the godly edifice of grace. Many antidotes there are to counteract this tendency, and prominent among them is the sacred liturgy. The purpose of the liturgy coincides exactly with the purpose of Christianity: to glorify God and to sanctify man. The Christian religion was destined to raise man to a supernatural state in complete harmony and friendship with God; the liturgy is ordained to keep him there.

LENTEN LITURGY

Especially now, during the holy season of Lent, we have abundant opportunity of gathering in fullest measure the lavish treasures of the sacred liturgy. While all the Church services are replete with pious inspirations, the Holy Mass is the chief mine of concentrated spiritual profit and pleasure. The Lenten ferial or week day Masses are particularly fecund in that they offer different topics for reflection every day. As we look upon the season of Septuagesima, comprising three Sundays with their ensuing weeks, as a remote preparation for Easter, so we may consider Lent as a proximate preparation for this greatest of the feasts of Holy Church. Easter is no ordinary commemoration, since it brings to mind an event far above the ordinary. Therefore, the preparation for this festival must needs be out of the ordinary. The origin of the forty-day fast goes back even into the Old Testament. The great lawgiver, Moses, spent forty days upon the summit of Mt. Sinai before announcing the Ten Commandments to the people. During that period of time he was in continual converse with God, forgetting the needs of the body in the ardor of his spirit. Elias, the representative Prophet of the Old Law, passed forty days in fasting before he was found worthy to see the vision of God in the cave. Christ Himself prepared for His earthly mission by a forty-day fast in the desert. Here then is sufficient argument for the suitability of our Catholic practice of observing every day of Lent as a fast day of the Church. But participation in the Lenten liturgy were indeed one-sided if either the Mass or the observance of the daily fast be regarded as individually constituting the fullness of Lent. No; Lent consists of both. And the second item, that is, the fasting, extends beyond the limits of the body. The principal fast inculcated by Holy Moth-

er Church, in her many beautiful prayers and excerpts from the Prophets, is the "fasting" (abstaining) from evil doing—from sin. In other words, the outward, bodily, fasting, which is seen with the eyes, is to be but a tangible picture of the interior abstaining from sin, which is the food of the carnal passions. Thus they who are physically unfit to fast from food may, and should, conform to the requirements of the Lenten fast in this higher sense. By an intelligent and zealous use of these two elements of the Lenten liturgy we shall arrive at the high feast of Easter with sentiments equal to the exuberant joy and gladness to be experienced in its worthy celebration.

PASSIONTIDE

Having, with the Church, followed Christ through the years of His public ministry, we are led during Passion time to a fuller and more intimate consideration of the events immediately preceding His bitter death. The children of the Church, the Spouse of Christ, enter with her upon the sorrowful remembrance of His sufferings. The last vestiges of joy are done away with: the crucifixes are covered with violet veils, at the foot of the altar the priest omits the Psalm *Judica me*, as also the Doxology *Gloria Patri* after the Introit, and the Psalm *Lavabo* during the Mass after the washing of the hands. The changeable parts of the august Sacrifice take on a more serious character and we can

(Continued on page 566)

The Foes

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

5. The Dedication

The beacon light of Sion, the Jews' pride,
Was muffled in impenetrable gloom;
And yet they fought in blind faith 'gainst the tide
Of all the Greeks' enticing heathendom,—

Till sacred trumpets rent the sultry air
And echoed victory from hill to plain;
And Judas marched unto the house of prayer
And bade the priests rededicate their fane.

"God's wrath is passed; he's brought at last
Our foes to sorry plight!
The Temple cleanse,—bring in incense,—
And seven candles light;

"The altar break,—its stones hence take,
For they are now profane;
And 'stead of them from Bethlehem
Let untouched ones be ta'en!"

Eftsoon the blaze of sacrifice ascends
And the full light of Sion shines again;
And o'er the troubled main its radiance bends,
And confidence's tranquil hush doth reign.

The Secret

When thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee.—Matt. 6:6

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

ED Allen was busy about the church grounds making little repairs where time and mischievous youth had made such improvements necessary. He was humming now one tune then another. Finally his resonant tenor asserted itself and translated his last hum into the words: "Per omnia saecula saeculorum."

Father Gilbert, who had come upon him, responded slowly and solemnly: "A-me-en." Allen leaped aside and his surprise painted itself on his cheeks that flushed a deep red. After a moment, however, both seemed to enjoy the situation.

Allen was the first to give vent to his thoughts: "Father, I always like this beginning of the preface. You know it gives me the impression of one coming out of a dream."

"Of course," corrected Father Gilbert, "you are mistaken when you designate the words 'Per omnia saecula saeculorum' as a part of the preface. No, they are the conclusion of the so-called 'Secreta—secret.' For that very reason, though your impression as to an 'awakening out of a dream' is not far from the truth, for a pious writer says: 'Like one coming out of an ecstasy, the priest is eager to induce all present to share in the prayers which he has just recited; he breaks the silence and finishes the "secret prayer" with an exclamation which invites the whole congregation to be united with him by answering "Amen."' St. Jerome tells us that this 'Amen' was heard resounding on all sides in the churches like a clap of thunder. The people or the choir or the servers, in their stead, should say the 'Amen.' The loud recitation or chanting of the 'Per omnia saecula saeculorum' is only a signal to the people for the 'Amen.'"

"Now, Father, you started something again," Allen said with a wistful look, as though he were scouting the atmosphere.

"I know what's coming," the priest responded with an encouraging cheer.

"Don't blame me if I become bold again," the young man went on. "This word 'secret' or 'secret prayer' is indeed a secret to me."

"Well, now listen," the pastor urged. "This so-called 'secret' is one of three corresponding principal prayers of the Mass, namely: the oration or the collect after the 'Gloria'; the 'secret' at the conclusion of the offertory; and the 'postcommunio' after the purification of the

chalice. The first and the last the celebrant always recites or chants in a loud voice; the second, the 'secret,' is always said in a suppressed tone. Originally, according to some, this prayer was pronounced in the same tone as the oration and the 'postcommunio.' The people having prayed for some time in silence, the celebrant spoke aloud to God in the name of all. Later, when the priest ceased to raise his voice, the 'secret' became the characteristic name for this prayer. But we are unable to determine the time when this change came about."

"Why was the change made?"

"The intention seems to be to avoid disturb-



THE "SECRET"

ance. Even in our day the choir begins to sing the so-called 'offertory' when the priest unveils the chalice and this may not be finished by the time the priest comes to the 'secret.' Formerly the choir was near the altar as it is still in some monastic churches and in some others. Then, too, you must not forget that this 'secret' is older by centuries than the other offertory prayers which precede it. In fact the 'secret' was the original, and for a long time the only, official prayer pronounced over the offerings. It is essentially a personal supplication of the celebrant in his rôle as sacrificing priest. Hence, there is no reason to call upon the people to pray with him at this particular moment. The Church retires into secret communication with God. Her prayer is heard only by Him as some one says very nicely. This would then be a second reason for the secrecy."

"Father, you say the 'secret' corresponds to the oration. Is it a sort of repetition of the oration?"

"The 'secrets' follow the rules of the orations and in structure resemble them somewhat. Like the latter they belong to the changeable parts of the Mass; they vary with the season of the year or with the feast or mystery celebrated, that is, they are in touch with, and in intimate connection with, the day's celebration which has therefore an influence on their form. But, whereas in the orations there is no reference to the Sacrifice proper, the 'secrets,' on the contrary, are oblation prayers that contain almost the same thoughts as those expressed in the whole offertory ceremony. In fact, our present offertory prayers are nothing more than a development of the 'secret.' In the 'secret,' as throughout the whole oblation rite, there are current two closely connected petitions: the one a request that the sacrificial gifts prepared on the altar be accepted, blessed, sanctified, and consecrated; the other a prayer that abundant and manifold graces of the Sacrifice may be bestowed. Almost all the 'secrets' amount to the asking of God that He would favorably receive the gifts of bread and wine upon the altar and that He would enable us by His grace to put ourselves into such a state that we also may be presented to Him as a victim pleasing in His sight."

"There it is again," Allen commented, shaking his head.

Father Gilbert forestalled his further objection: "I know that your old difficulty is working on your mind: 'Why the Sacrifice should require such a prayer.' Though I have unwound this knot for you before I will tackle it again."

"Please do, Father," Allen pleaded.

"Very well. In the first place, this petition is the most important and the most comprehen-

sive in the whole canon, for it asks for benediction and sanctification. The greater the blessing, the oftener the Church asks for it in her prayers. I know what you will object, namely, that Christ will hear the Church and hence why so much urging?"

"Yes, Father, you are reading my thoughts."

"Granted that your objection has a solid foundation, didn't Christ also pray at the tomb of Lazarus? But His explanation was: 'I know that Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people who stand about have I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' So far as God is concerned, the consecration alone would be sufficient to constitute the Sacrifice, for it contains the essential elements. But, besides honoring God, the Sacrifice is intended to elevate and perfect us. Hence, personal co-operation is called for. Wherefore, says William of Auvergne: 'Priest and people who offer the Sacrifice are to be elevated by It to that love which makes us pleasing to God.' Remember that the liturgy, and especially the Mass, is something extremely practical. It is not merely a beautiful play of symbols but it is designed to effect a real union of the soul with Christ."

"Yes, but the priest is surely in the state of grace already; the people who go to Communion during Mass are in the state of grace; no doubt many others who do not receive are similarly blessed."

"Why, Ed, you are getting to be quite a theologian," Father Gilbert complimented.

"Ahem," was the only reply.

"Very true. The state of grace implies a union with Christ, but there is a vast difference between the state of grace and the state of grace. The state of grace, no matter how perfect, is always capable of augmentation. Alexander of Hales (d. 1245) answers your objection thus: 'The union of the soul with God, considered as an act of love, is not only capable of being indefinitely increased but entails an unlimited desire of being increased.' No matter how ardently we may love God, we remain limited beings with our innumerable sins, transgressions, and failings in our daily lives and with a natural and moral weakness due to our earthiness encompassed as we are by interior and exterior dangers, imperilling the supernatural life of our soul. As we know from our own experience, in one moment we may be borne aloft to a moral heroism and perfection and the next be drawn downward by our vicious inclinations and passions. Hence, there is reason for the ever repeated petition for sanctification."

All of a sudden Allen disappeared. But in a moment he was again at Father Gilbert's side with his missal in his hand. "Father," he said

in an almost breathless tone, "I am going to read next Sunday's 'secret,' that is, of Easter Sunday."

"Very well. Go to it."

"Receive, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the prayers of Thy people together with their offerings so that the mysteries which have their origin in the Paschal festival may, by Thy operation, become for us the means of everlasting life."

"See there," Father Gilbert interrupted, "the two petitions with an allusion: receive the prayers and offerings; may the mysteries of Easter be the means of our salvation."

Allen was silent for a few moments, thumbing his missal back and forth. "Father," he finally broke out, "I don't see any 'oremus—let us pray,' neither with the feast nor in that part which we so often discussed, and which you call the ordinary of the Mass."

"You are right. Yet, the 'orate fratres—pray, brethren,' may be looked upon as a sufficient exhortation to pray, and this extends also to the 'secret.' Besides, before the offertory chant, the celebrant says 'oremus—let us pray,' and yet no prayer, that is, no petition follows. This is regarded as the real admonition, which applies to the 'secret,' because originally no other prayer intervened between that 'oremus' and the 'secret.'

Allen's hammer was just about to come down on a half-raised nail when he stopped suddenly. "So then," said he, "you say, Father, the 'per omnia saecula saeculorum' is nothing more than the conclusion of the 'secret.' My gracious! how solemn!"

"You must bear in mind that the priest closes the 'secret' with the full conclusion: 'Through Jesus Christ our Lord who liveth and reigneth with Thee in unity with the Holy Ghost (*per omnia saecula saeculorum*) world without end. It's after the last of the 'secrets,' if there are more than one that the celebrant recites aloud, or chants the ending in question and awaits the 'Amen' of the choir or of the servers. Up to the thirteenth century it seems that the sub-deacon answered 'Amen.' At any rate the 'Amen' is the response of the Christian people approving of all that has been prepared and done and especially of what has been said in the 'secret.' An old pastoral (1846) of Bishop Parisis of Langre reads: 'When the priest sings or prays, the faithful can do nothing better than to acquiesce in his words, even if they do not understand them; to pray for the same object for which he prays, even if they do not know what this is. This was done by the first Christians, especially as long as the forms of liturgy were handed down by word of mouth and even after that period. They were content to say 'Amen' after the priest concluded his

prayer. They said, as it were: "We know not what is best for us, God knows. We know not what will glorify God most, the Church knows. But now the Church has prayed, for it was in her name and at her behest that the priest pronounced the prayer. The Church placed on his lips those words which he spoke and we acquiesce in them whatsoever they may be; we can desire nothing better than that which the Church desires; we can say nothing better than that which the Church says. Therefore, so be it—Amen." Another point is to be noted here."

"And what is that?" inquired the eager listener.

"You shall know it. I am quite accustomed to your insistence by this time. It is the maintenance of perfect accord between the celebrant at the altar and the chanters of the choir. As soon as the liturgy began to have two simultaneous actions or sets of prayers, one by the celebrant in silence at the altar and at the same time another by the deacon or subdeacon or the choir in the body of the Church, there was danger of dislocation so that one of the two actions might get ahead of the other and produce discord. So, in such cases it became usual for the otherwise silent celebrant to sing a clause aloud to show how far he had come. The Eastern rite has developed this principle of simultaneous prayers much more than is the case in the West. Large portions of these liturgies may be described as two services going on at the same time: one performed by the celebrant in a whisper at the altar, the other sung by the people led by the deacon outside the *iconostasis*—the partition adorned with icons or images—separating the altar from the choir. In order to keep the two services together, the Eastern celebrant constantly sings aloud the last phrase of his prayer. This phrase is called in Greek *ekphonesis* (exclamation). Such an *ekphonesis* in the Roman rite is our 'per omnia saecula saeculorum' before the Preface, before the 'Pater Noster,' and before the 'Pax Domini.' In none of these cases does the choir hear the preceding which it affirms by the 'Amen.' Hence, Ed, don't blunder a second time by calling this expression a part of the preface."

Allen looked rather sheepishly at Father Gilbert and began to swing his hammer thoughtlessly whilst the priest walked to the rectory.

In Spring

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Now on the fresh-green blossomy trees,
Is sung the epic of the breeze:
A Song of Resurrection won,
Hymned for all men and for God's Son!

An Easter Visit

MARY CLARK JACOBS

WELL, will you look there!"
"Hey, boys, will you see who's coming?"

"Well, if it ain't ol' gran'pa. This sunshine must have brought him out of his winter shell."

"Hello, gran'pa. Where have you been hiding all these months?"

Others, too, beside the youths who greeted the aged man with welcoming shouts as he paused to watch their games, had wondered about him. A strange old man he was, bent with the burden of years, his face scarred with the trials of life, which severe though they may have been, were unable to mar a certain rare beauty that flitted over his countenance when he smiled.

No one seemed to know much about him. One thought he lived off somewhere in the poorest and cheapest section of the city; another imagined she had seen him in a poor basement room when she was assisting in social work during the Christmastide; but no one could make a statement concerning him with certainty. He was glad to earn a few coins at any work, no matter how menial the service; but he made no plea for alms. His favorite pastime, when the weather permitted, was to sit upon a bench in the park and in seemingly blissful content watch the children at play or converse with other visitors of the park, uttering homely philosophy and bits of wisdom that surprised all who talked with him. Naturally the care tak-

ers came to know him and in time to appreciate and use the advice he gave about flowers. He knew plant life, trees, and flowers—but just how or where he had gained all this information he never told.

Myra Sharon, caring for the needs of her home, her husband, and baby in a little apartment high up where the rent was within their limited income, came frequently to the park. To her it seemed a verdant island of peace and beauty amid the city's noise and hurry of traffic. On her way to market, pushing the baby's cart, she walked through the park, frequently pausing to admire the richness of a newly-blooming plant, to exclaim over it—and it was not strange that so often she found the aged man the children called ol' gran'pa bending over the same blossom.

Mrs. Sharon never learned his name. The caretakers called him old Peter, the children preferred ol' gran'pa. He was ever very kind and courteous, beaming upon the baby as if six-month Tommy, too, was beautiful. He was ever scrupulously clean, though his clothes were shabby and threadbare.

Throughout the summer Mrs. Sharon found herself looking around for ol' gran'pa as she gave the baby an airing or hurried to market and feeling a loss when she could not see him. Then came the chill days of late fall and the winter blasts of zero weather when all seemed satisfied to appreciate the crystal gleaming beauty of tree and shrub from afar. Of course, she told herself, she did not expect to meet ol' gran'pa in such weather, but she could not help wondering about him and perhaps worrying a bit too.

January and February were fiercely cold and March as usual played all sorts of beguiling pranks upon the poor people who longed for the warmth and beauty of sunshine. A hint of a sunbeam one day to be chased away by raw winds; a gentle shower that predicted the approach of April to be followed by wintry snows. It was Holy Week before one dared to be sure that at last spring had come forth bravely and intended to remain. And now with the spring came ol' gran'pa.

Myra Sharon was shocked to see that he was more bent, more lined of face, aged in appearance with a trembling of hands and a twitching of the muscles of the face. But he made no mention of illness during the long cold winter. He smiled in welcome as he recognized her.

"Summer will soon be here," he told her. "The caretaker is preparing the flower beds."

Via Crucis

NANCY BUCKLEY

Upon His brow the crown of thorns they press—
(O Mary, hear His cry of deep distress!)
Upon His shoulders laden with the cares
Of all the world a heavy cross He bears.

The cruel nails tear through His tender hands—
(O Mary, soft once were your swaddling bands!)
Now "Ecce Homo!" calls a voice aloud
And "Ecce Homo!" calls the jeering crowd.

He passes down the valley of dark woe—
(O Mary! will you, grieving, let Him go?)
"Let Him be crucified!" the frenzied cry
Is harshly echoed and—"This man must die!"

They nail Him to the cross. Night shadows them.
(O Mary! far away is Bethlehem,
And far away is that first Christmas night
From this despair of Calvary's dark height.)

Myra felt the sting of tears in her eyes. She wanted to ask him some personal questions; how he had fared during the months past and if all was well with him—but she dared not intrude upon his reserve.

The week preceding Easter was a very busy one for Myra. Tom's parents were coming in from the big farm to spend the feast day with them so there was much to do to make the little home, which must suffer in comparison to the great farmhouse, as presentable as possible. But even though she did not have an opportunity to talk to ol' gran'pa, she thought of him often.

It was the eve of Easter when she did see him. Hurrying to church for a brief visit to the tabernacle and to go to confession, she was going up the broad cement steps when she recognized the aged figure in front of her. Ol' gran'pa did not answer her greeting. He seemed absorbed in thought.

"So ol' gran'pa is a Catholic," she murmured. "I might have asked Father Warner about him. I shall the very next opportunity."

Myra followed the aged man up the aisle and into a pew behind him. Then, she almost forgot that she herself came to pray in watching him.

He knelt with bent head for a few minutes, then settled back more comfortably. Sometimes his lips moved in prayer; but more often he just kept his eyes upon the altar, that wondrous rare smile upon his lips, as if here visiting his God, he found greater content, greater happiness than came to him even in the park among his well-loved flowers.

Myra sighed.

"Dear ol' gran'pa. I wish I could do something for him. He seems so alone...."

She paused in the thought. Alone? Could one with that wrapt expression that shone on his face be alone. Surely he was feeling the presence of his Creator, enjoying the chorus of angels, the nearness of saints.

"I wonder if he has any relatives?"

Again the thought seemed to be amiss in connection with ol' gran'pa. When welcomed by the King of Kings and able to enjoy His love and grace, of what need were mere earthly relatives.

Myra came from the confessional, made her thanksgiving, and left the church. The aged man still sat in smiling, silent converse with his Master. She paused at a store to make some purchases and was returning, again passing the Church, when she met him.

"How are you?" she asked eagerly. "I've wanted to go to the park to talk with you this week. But I've been so busy. My husband's relatives are here for Easter."

"How nice," the old eyes gleamed with pleasure in her joy. "How nice to have relatives."

Then, at last, Myra grew bold to ask the question:

"You have no one—no relatives at all?"

His face wrinkled into a look of rapture.

"Oh, many, many relatives—but most of them are on the other side."

"The other side? Oh, you mean across the sea?"

"Across the sea of death," he asserted, "where I shall be joining them soon."

"You have no one here?" Myra was so sorry for him.

"But I have many, many friends," he told her. "Friends, such as you and the many I meet in the park; friends here, too," he pointed towards the church.

"It is nice to come to visit heavenly friends," he went on. "To-day I made an Easter visit to my Lord in the tabernacle—next Easter, with the help of His grace and goodness, I may kneel at His feet in a better world."

They walked on together. At the corner, removing his hat with courtly kindness, he left her.

"A happy Easter to you and yours, my dear!" he smiled and went on—out of her life for she never saw him again.

He never came to the park again. Not knowing his name, those who had grown to care for him in the Park, could make no inquiry concerning him. Myra Sharon thought of him often and she felt sure that that night, after he had left her at the corner with his fine rare smile that was like a benediction, he had gone to his poor home—and perhaps in the sleep of night his soul passed on to meet the relatives he had loved on earth and to enjoy an Easter visit with his God.

Within a Garden

EDITH TATUM

Within a garden, soft winds hum,
While gently falls a silver rain
Soon followed by the sun again—
Within the garden spring has come.

And pushing through the chilly sod
Their tiny green hands clasped in prayer,
The lily-leaves are everywhere,
Impelled with yearning for their God.

Once in a garden day's first gloom
Saw three pale women bowed with grief
Seek One, who in their sure belief
Was sealed within a rocky tomb.

A waiting angel banished fear—
Their joyful lips began to sing
On hearing him, in that souls' spring,
Say, "He is risen, He is not here!"

The Old Globe---Shakespeare's Theatre

EVELYN CRANE

"Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Prologue.—King Henry V.

ON account of difficulties about his leasehold, Richard Burbage, the great Elizabethan actor-manager, razed "The Theatre" in 1598. The material was conveyed to a site in Maid Lane (now Park Street), on the Bankside of the Thames, Old Southwark. A company for building a new theatre was organized. Shares were leased out for twenty-one years to Shakespeare, Heminges, Cundell, and others.

Heminges and Burbage were among Shakespeare's most intimate friends; both are named in his will. To John Heminges, we owe the first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare and Burbage were what in modern parlance would be termed "buddies." They were inseparable until the last hour of Shakespeare's life; they were about the same age; they first came to London together and began their theatrical careers at the same time. The best actor of his times, Burbage originated the rôle of Romeo and was an equally admirable Richard III, Hamlet, Lear, and Othello.

In 1599 then, from the ruins of the old "Theatre," rose the new playhouse, named the "Globe Theatre" from its sign. This represented the bent figure of Atlas holding up a globe, under which was written "Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem" (All the world's a stage).

The Globe was constructed mainly of wood and some plaster. It copied the architectural form of the old London inns where performances

were given, antedating the erection of regular theatres. Polygonal in shape, the general effect was circular. Shakespeare refers directly to its shape in King Henry V, "within this wooden O."

Inside, a cobblestoned courtyard for the use of the masses, was surrounded by triple-tiered galleries containing boxes for those who cared to pay the higher prices of admission. The galleries were roofed with thatch, but the pit, or "yard," was exposed to the elements.

The stage extended out into the pit. There was an outer platform enclosed on three sides by a low balustrade, but boasting no curtains to exclude it from the audience during changes of scene. At the back was an inner stage, divided from the front part by curtains called "traverses." The inner stage came in handy for scenes showing bedchambers, tombs, caves, etc.

The "Hut" with turret surmounted the inner stage. It led a multiple life, serving as a balcony, an upper story, or any other setting that demanded altitude. Here the first Juliet ap-

peared to exchange love vows with Romeo. When the piece being performed did not require its use, certain privileged gallants or authors would sit in the balcony to see the performance. Ambitious stage effects like thunder, etc., were also created by divers means in the "Hut." While a play was in progress, a flag flying from the staff on the roof, signaled that fact.

Rushes covered the floor of the stage. Except for some painted cloths and tapestries, movable scenery was reduced to a minimum. A blue canopy over the stage represented "the heavens"; the canopy was changed to one of sable hue



PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE



THE GLOBE THEATRE

when tragedy held the boards. In the first part of "King Henry VI" there is this reference: "Hung be the heavens with black."

The audience was expected to make liberal use of its imagination. What props they had were of the rudest. If the scene in progress should happen to be Thebes, for instance, the audience must vision the distinctive characteristics of that city "by seeing Thebes written in great letters on an old door," as Sir Philip Sidney lampoons the drama of an earlier day.

Suppose the scene is a quarrel between two persons. "Come, sir," says one, "will you come to town's end now?" The second disputant agrees: "Ay, sir, come." Then, having walked to the end of the stage, he continues: "Now we are at the town's end . . . what shall we say now?" The audience swallows this naive by-play without a single chuckle.

What would some of our present day thespians think of the stage directions employed by the old dramatists? If they attempted to carry them out now, they would certainly come into collision with the rules and regulations of the Stage Hands' Unions, and would also probably bring themselves into bad repute with the Actors' Equity Association, and what not.

For example. After a murder or a fatal combat, there were no curtains on the stage, nor other mechanical contraptions to shut out the

dead body from the view of the audience. For the "corpse" to get up and walk off the stage would destroy the illusion for even an unfatiduous Elizabethan audience. Therefore, the stage direction to the survivor was often "Exit with the body" in order that following scene might be acted unhampered by its presence. Little David not only had to kill his Goliath but had to carry or drag him off as best he could after the dastardly deed was done. A master like Shakespeare always contrived a logical sequence in the play itself to make this disposal of the body seem a natural part of the action, but other dramatics were less painstaking.

Shakespeare, himself, recognized the Globe's scenic limitations. The prologue to "King Henry V" begs the audience to "on your imaginary forces work" and "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." When one observes with what trivialities and sterility of material our present drama is menaced, due perhaps to the excellence of scenic atmospheric effects and the consequent unnecessary of our dramatists to overexert themselves, it seems that the mechanical inadequacies of the Elizabethan era had some advantages. Scenic realism being circumscribed, the dramatist must accomplish his results by superior achievement in imaginative art, so that audiences might forget the incongruities of stage scenery.



RICHARD BURBAGE



OLD STAGE AND BALCONY

Let's take in some shows at the Globe Theatre over three hundred years ago.

We go by horse. Dismounting at the theatre, we call for "Will Shakespeare." It is true that good Will long since has ceased officiating in the humble capacity of holding patrons' horses, as he did when he first came to London. But the custom of calling for him still continues. We commit our horses to the care of an urchin who presents himself saying: "I am Shakespeare's boy, sir." All the young horse tenders called themselves "Shakespeare's Boys."

For one shilling we can buy admission to the best room in the gallery, where the beplumed gallants of the Court congregate. A place in the top gallery costs only half as much. But, perhaps, we prefer to mingle down in the "yard" with the common people, "the groundlings," as Shakespeare called them.

There are no seats. First come, best place. So the odorous *hoi polloi* of Eastcheap comes early to secure an advantageous place. While waiting for the performance to begin, they eat, drink, and make merry with coarse horseplay. Some of the wags go so far, without any interference from the theatre authorities, as to climb upon the stage and assail each other and the audience with personalities and pungent "wise cracks."

The performance commences at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is introduced by three flourishes of trumpets. Such is the cumbrousness of the props, the ineptness of those

attending to the shifting of it, the ungodly length of the program, that the performance lasts for several hours. It goes on far into the night, requiring the lighting of some primitive chandeliers upon the stage. The rest of the theatre is in complete darkness, and some London burghers will find their pockets lighter after they depart.

The exhibition closes with a prayer for the Queen, the actors all kneeling. (Elizabeth was a good politician and the people idolized the Old "Virgin" Queen of Greenwich Palace). We follow the noisy exodus into Maid Lane, grateful for the cool breezes from the nearby Thames.

It is June 29, 1613. The Globe Theatre has prospered. Let us be witnesses at a certain Globe première . . . one of the most exciting premières in theatrical history.

The new play is "All is True," the piece later to be known as King Henry VIII. The house has been freshly renovated, even to brand-new matting on stage floor. The costumes are the most elaborate ever essayed by the management. An augmented cast gives promise of a brilliant spectacle as stage brilliancy went in those days.

All goes well until the fourth scene of Act I—the scene in which Cardinal Wolsey gives a masquerade banquet at his Palace for bluff King Hal, where Henry is to meet Anne Boleyn.

(Continued on page 551)



COURT FOOL

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER VIII—A PASSING STORM

THE Lady Alfrida crouched at the window of her room and watched them ride away. She remained thus as long as she could see them, but when the clatter of the horses' hoofs had died away, she arose. Her embroidery frame stood in front of the large, carved armchair and she rested one hand upon it while with the other she lifted the cover of the work. It was a large piece of silk tightly stretched upon the frame and covered with one of those rich, if somewhat barbaric, designs for which the Saxon ladies were famous. But she had no heart for her work that morning; her soul was a prey to anxiety of the keenest kind, for her father, before leaving for Reculver, had put a stop to her dreams of happiness with Hereward, and of freedom to practice the religion that she loved. Thunor had even gone so far as to hint at another and more ambitious alliance, and his daughter was sore afraid.

Her memories of her mother were dim. Thunor refused to mention her, and while Alfrida respected his wishes, she could not help but think long and often of her whom she always saw as a small, slight woman with marvellous dark grey eyes, and a wistful expression, due no doubt to the fact that Thunor had separated her from those things that meant more than life to her, and made the practice of her faith impossible.

Old Edith, who had been her mother's attendant and now fulfilled the same office toward her daughter, was dumb, and though her sign language was most expressive it had its limitations. So Alfrida had never been able to learn anything from her faithful nurse. In spite of these difficulties she had retained a dim remembrance of her Christian faith, and when Adalbert had come to Eastry as tutor to the two young princesses, and she had made known to him the circumstance of her baptism, the good monk had delighted in instructing her for the reception of the other sacraments. This had been easily accomplished for Thunor had been willing for her to share the studies of the princess, and the girl had made such rapid progress that long before her father understood the matter, she had already been initiated into the duties of the Christian life. Neither did he dare openly to molest her, for she was of full age, besides which he had of late come to see that her

faith might be made a help, instead of a hindrance, to his ambitious schemes. He had now fully decided that she should wed a prince of some royal house; not for her advancement, but for his own. Thunor was shrewd enough to value real power more than its appearance, and he realized that, as the father-in-law of some weak monarch, he might wield the supreme power without encountering the dangers and responsibilities of kingship. It was for these reasons that he had received the proposals of Hereward as something very like an insult.

He had but hinted of these plans to Alfrida, but she knew him too well to believe that he would stay his hand out of a mere desire for her happiness, and it seemed to her that her hopes of becoming Hereward's wife were utterly destroyed. She who could dimly remember kneeling at her mother's knee and learning almost forgotten prayers, had come in an wholly unexpected manner into her inheritance. In the place of those few broken words she had received the whole deposit of faith, and the grace of the holy sacraments had filled her soul with light and vigor so that the two years she had passed at Eastry had changed her from a winsome girl into such a woman as the Faith alone can develop.

Thunor had watched her growth and sweetness, but he had not attributed it to the real cause. He saw that she grew more and more like her mother every day, and the haughty thane scowled, for he was not pleased to see the spirit of the mother reproduced in her daughter. He wanted absolute and unquestioning acquiescence in his plans for her future.

Thinking of these things, she stood for some moments half unconsciously touching the work upon the frame with her fingers, delicately here and there. She loved its beauty, and its holy purpose and it was indeed a holy thing, for every deft stitch had been an act of love for God, and gratitude for the Faith. It had become to her what a dear friendship might have been to another; the witness of her hopes and fears, her sorrows and perplexities, for they were so woven in with the silken and golden threads that she might truly have said: "Here I joyed, or hoped; or here I feared; and everywhere I prayed."

She raised her head after a while, for an unwanted sense of freedom had come to her, and

with the sense came the impulse to test it. Throwing a veil over her hair, she descended to the hall. The house was so still that it seemed deserted; she passed out through the open door, and crossed the cobble-paved courtyard to the gate beyond, without seeing anyone. The world outside was fair. Although the summer was beginning to wane, the beauty of green leaves and forest shade remained, and she wondered vaguely if she would be safe in venturing into the woods, but their very silence lured her, and she entered the dark shadows beyond the clearing, telling herself that she would not venture very far, and seated herself upon the bole of a fallen tree that she might drink in the gladness of liberty, if only for one hour. The oak that she had chosen for her seat had once filled the open space through which she could see the sky. It seemed as though the great tree had fallen into decay that she might be delighted by the light, for all around it lay the thick woods over which the interlaced branches made a sort of daytime darkness.

She sat so still that a squirrel played about her feet picking up the acorns that lay around, and wild birds hopping from branch to branch peered boldly at her without a thought of fear. A fawn came browsing almost within touch of her hand, and its soft brown eyes were untroubled at her presence, but her thoughts were not with the little creatures of the wood, but with Hereward whom she had dismissed at her father's command, and though she had herself sent him away, she found it hard to reconcile herself to the verdict. She was young, and the young are ever hopeful that something will happen to set their problems right. Life looks so

long before them then that, did hope die, they would be unhappy indeed. It had cost her far more than Thunor had realized, but she remembered the counsel of Adalbert, and it had ever been, "obedience first, my daughter. Obedience is the duty of a child, so that if your father command not what is clearly against the law of God, you are bound to obey him." And obedience in this had been hard. It had hurt her so to answer 'no' to the pleading of Hereward, knowing that as his wife she would have been both safe and happy, and to see the opportunity slip from her, knowing, too, that Thunor, the pagan, hated all that was dearest to her, and despised that which she most revered.

After a while she arose, the fawn looked up from its browsing, as though to listen, then there came the sound of snapping branches, and it bounded away and was speedily lost to view in the thick undergrowth. The birds became silent also, and the squirrel scrambled to a safe branch high overhead and hid himself there. An arrow quivered at her feet. She gathered her mantle closely about her, but she could not fly. Possibly it was only some wandering outlaw seeking his dinner in the forest, she told herself, but she was afraid, for those were wild days and a maiden ran grave risks who ventured from her home unattended. And presently she began to move almost imperceptibly into the forest with a sort of gliding movement, intending to keep out of sight, for it seemed that the archer had not seen her yet. After a while she would contrive to return to the palace without meeting him, but the undergrowth grew thicker and more thorny as she advanced, and she found herself obliged to retrace her steps. By this time the sky had become overcast and a fitful wind had begun to stir the trees; then a flash of lightning that nearly blinded her for an instant caused her to cry out, and she signed herself with the cross. The peal of thunder that followed the flash was deafening, and immediately after it came the rain, heavy and slow at first, but soon increasing to a regular downpour, and the old trees about her groaned and shivered in the wind. Groping through the gloom, she came to a hollow tree and crept within, all drenched with rain, and wind-blown, and weak from battling with the elements. The protection at best was but a poor one, besides which she feared lest the old tree be uprooted, or struck by the lightning, but she came of a race of warriors, and danger and physical discomfort brought her the exaltation of battle, and a sense of power in overcoming, and so she wrung the water from her mantle and her long hair, and forced herself to look out upon the storm.

It passed after about an hour, and the sun

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An Easter Prayer

NANCY BUCKLEY

Dear Lord, upon this Easter Day,
When Thou art sheltered in my heart,
I pray that Thou wilt always stay—
That we may never part.

I clasp again Thy loving hand;
I kiss again Thy sore-bruised feet
That sought me in a far-off land
Adown a sin-stained street.

Oh, keep me ever for Thy own,
So fervently, dear Lord, I pray;
Teach me to live for Thee alone
And follow in Thy way.

I pray, as now in ecstasy
I lean against Thy wounded side,
May I (as Thou art) one day be
Risen and glorified.

Newly Beatified Martyrs of Benedictine Order

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

BLESSED JOHN ROBERTS, O.S.B., (Dec. 10, 1610)

EARLY YEARS

If we observed strict chronology, Blessed John Roberts (or John de Mervinia, as he is also called), would, according to the time of his martyrdom, have to be put in the third place of this series. But we give him here the second because he began his career as a Benedictine before Blessed George Gervaise, and by his energetic activity prepared the way for the Benedictines who came later on from Spain and the ground for others to enter the new monastery at Douay, so that the Benedictine chronicler, Dom Benet Weldon, can say of him: "He was the first, who *out of a monastery*, after the suppression of the monasteries in England, attacked the gate of hell, and provoked the prince of darkness in his usurped kingdom, which he overcame, like his great Master, the Prince of Martyrs, by losing his life in the conflict." Another reason of giving him an advanced place is, because his recent biographer, Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., the great and learned enthusiast in the cause of the English Martyrs, has, in his "Life of Blessed John Roberts," (Bliss Sands and Co., London, 1897), given us a great amount of information concerning the religious conditions in England, and the state of affairs in Valladolid and Douay, which explains and corrects many details in the lives of our other Beati or Blessed, whose records are less full or exact.

Blessed John's family name, Roberts, points out his Welsh descent, and the former custom of surnaming the son according to the father. His father's name was also John, the son of a Robert, and a descendant of an ancient princely family of Merionethshire in North Wales, whence his other surname Mervinia. The father lived in favorable circumstances, yet was also employed in foreign trade, which would explain why Blessed John's mother was a native of Holstein.

The neighborhood of Trawsfynydd, his birthplace, was in religious matters sadly neglected; the Calvinistic ministers being mostly uneducated laymen, who on Sundays were hardly able to stumble through the morning and evening service of the English Book of Common Prayer. Most of the old Catholic priests were dead or deprived; a few had taken the oath of supremacy, and performed publicly the state-prescribed liturgy, avoiding as far as possible the communion service, and celebrating Mass

secretly for some professing Catholics who were willing to accept their ministry. The stricter ones of the faithful, however, would abhor these priests as "schismatics." The latter designation was given to those who, whilst taking the oath, remained Catholics at heart, but went to the Protestant public services; whilst those who had really become Protestants were called "heretics." Blessed John's parents had become schismatics, apparently because they found themselves too heavily burdened with paying the enormous fines of £260 a year, i. e., about ten times the value in our times (over \$10,000) for not attending the Protestant service at least once a month. The poor, who could not pay the fines, were cruelly whipped in public, had their ears cut off or perforated with hot irons, were imprisoned for a corresponding long time, and deprived of all their property. At best they were not allowed to go five miles from their abode without special license.

From Queen Mary's time there were still a number of faithful old priests some of whom were, at the risk of severe penalties, harbored by Catholics or even by schismatics, that they might be absolved and reconciled by them to the Church when they were in danger of death. Probably one of these priests was Blessed John's Latin master in his preparation for the university.

Oxford university had in these days fallen into a very bad state; for some of its best masters had remained Catholics, and, when deprived of their positions, had betaken themselves to Louvain or Douay, whilst the Calvinistic heads and fellows of the colleges were not equal in learning to their predecessors. Our martyr came to Oxford in 1596, but stayed less than two years, so that he could not take his degree. The fact that he soon went to study law at London, would suggest that neither the learning nor the religion of Oxford appealed to him. On the other hand, the law schools at the Inns of Court in London were considered "hot-beds of popery." Whether he was attracted thither by this characteristic, or whether he was influenced by its atmosphere, it is a fact that he became a Catholic when, in 1598, he came on a continental tour of pleasure and information to Paris, where an exiled Catholic knight had helped him to discover the true faith.

Having received this great favor from God, and knowing, on the one hand, the spiritual dis-

tress of the Catholics in England, and on the other hand, admiring the heroism of the priests there, the most famous of them being Campion, the holy Jesuit martyr, and an alumnus of his own college at Oxford, he vowed to devote his life to the mission field in England, where a martyr's crown was almost certainly to be gained. His first impulse was to prepare himself for this superhuman task near the tombs of the Apostles in the English College at Rome; but, hearing of the dissensions, which repeatedly had incurred between the students and the Italian superiors, and being armed with warm recommendations of his new friends in Paris to the authorities of the college at Valladolid, he wended his steps to Spain, going thither alone on foot, partly begging food and shelter as he went along. We know from other sources what a terrible ordeal it must have been; the austere Spanish diet at its best was a torture to English stomachs, and in many a poor village there was little to be found even for money; then, not knowing the language, he could hardly make himself understood; and, if he was recognized as an Englishman, he might be arrested as a spy, which was no trifle. The feeling against the English at the time was running very high, owing to the recent destruction of Cadiz and of a large fleet by them. It is said of a travelling party of eleven English students that only two reached Valladolid.

The English college at Valladolid, the favorite city of the pious King Philip II, the former husband of the Catholic Queen Mary, had been founded by that monarch in the year 1589. It had begun in a small way by an English Jesuit attempting to find lodgings for a few English students at the university of the city. Eventually it was provided with buildings and revenues by some benefactors, the chief of whom was the king. Revenues were urgently needed,

Eastertide

EMILY CAMPBELL ADAMS

In crumpled, scarlet splendor, to and fro,
Pomegranate blooms are blown, and swaying low,
A redbird on the reddest blossom swings—
A living ruby that a flame-bell rings.

As one whom this glad ardor woos in vain,
An Easter lily lifts in chill disdain,
A vestal pale, immaculate in hush
No riot thrill may stir, no wanton flush.

Though sprung from earth's low breast, it points afar
From warm earth's passion to the cooling star....
Fit emblem of the Mother, of the one
Who clasped in ecstasy her risen Son
When, Lord of Life and Death, He met her eyes—
That joyous dawn beneath Judea's skies.

for most of the Catholic parents in England could only just provide their student sons with an outfit and their fare. Even if they could have done more it was most dangerous to communicate in any way with them whilst at college, for this might prove to the English government that they had committed the offence of sending their children abroad for their education, a fact which was punished by a heavy fine, and often with imprisonment.

The entry of John Roberts in the year 1598 is still preserved in the college registers of Valladolid, as well as that of his old friends of Oxford days, John Jones, who like him was also a convert. One of his future companions named Bradshaw was also there. These friendships had great consequences for the Benedictine Order in England. As we have seen in the case of Blessed Mark Barkworth, the idea of a Benedictine becoming a missionary in England was utterly foreign to anyone, except perhaps the few enthusiastic students who felt themselves drawn to both. It is not astonishing that they felt an attraction to the ancient order, which had made Catholic England a Specific Benedictine country, and which had in Henry VIII's time given martyrs for loyalty to the true faith and the Holy See. Students, who felt no vocation to the Society, regretted the unhappy dissensions amongst the secular clergy in England and the disagreement of many with the Archpriest and the Jesuits considered that as members of the Order, whose motto was "Pax," they might keep out of the trouble and stand outside the parties. John Jones, who saw a former vision in a dream fulfilled by meeting in the same year, 1598, in the streets of Valladolid the Abbot of Compostella, asked straightway to be received by him as a novice; his application was granted, and he went as Frater Augustine to Compostella, leaving the question as to his missionary career in the hands of Divine Providence. John Bradshaw, whom we meet later on as Father Leander, had made during a serious illness a vow to become a Benedictine, and entered the monastery of San Benito in Valladolid itself. Although the English Jesuit superiors regretted the loss of this extraordinarily gifted student, they placed at that time no obstacle in his way.

Yet these two vocations caused a great stir in the college, and caused several other students to think seriously of becoming Benedictines also. The first of them was Roberts, who told one of his superiors of his vocation, and asked him for a recommendation to the Prior of the Abbey at Valladolid, who practically governed the Abbey in the frequent absence of the Abbot General. Roberts was permitted to go there in the morning with the assurance that the testimonials would follow in the afternoon. Instead of this, some of the English Fathers called

themselves on the Prior, and gave the candidate such a bad character, that the Prior was quite disturbed. He called the libelled student and told him all. Roberts was painfully surprised, but saw clearly that his simple denial of the accusations could not satisfy the Prior. Therefore he proposed to the latter a simple test; he would go back to the college and ask to be received again as a student; if he were readmitted, the Prior should take it as a proof that the accusations were untrue. He went back and was accepted. A few days later he returned to the Abbey, but did not come alone, for three others came with him. They had left the college, unknown to the superiors, fearing difficulties, and they were accepted and clothed. This fact caused much trouble in the city and in the other colleges abroad; and strict regulations were made in Rome as to the acceptance of English students into religious orders. Some of the Jesuit superiors were severely blamed, even by their own brethren, for their behavior. In order to save further friction, all the English novices at Valladolid were sent for their novitiate to Compostella Abbey. As novices they were kept very strictly, and entirely separated from the community. The time from midnight, was, with the exception of a few pauses, filled with religious exercises and manual labor, one hour being spent in meditation; a specific feature was the strict observance of the enclosure, the leaving of which was made very difficult. Towards the close of 1600 the five English novices, who had all persevered, took their holy vows. For a time they continued quietly their monastic lives, but Blessed John was soon sent to the Salamanca house of studies to prepare himself at the university for the priesthood, to which he was raised towards the end of 1602.

The year 1602 was a memorable one for these young English monks and for the Order in England. There was a well-grounded hope that, as Queen Elizabeth was nearing her end, her successor, James of Scotland, the son of the Catholic Queen Mary Stuart, would abolish the penal laws, and perhaps even permit the opening of monasteries. Now another unlooked for change came about. The news of Father Barkworth's martyrdom had come to Spain, whereupon the Spanish abbots, meeting in a general chapter, drew up a petition to the Holy See, begging for permission to send some of their English priests into the English mission field. A similar petition was drawn up at the same time by the Cassinese Congregation for their English monks. Pope Clement VIII granted their request orally on the eve of St. Benedict's day 1602, but the decree of the Holy Office was not issued until December 5th.

Blessed Robert's superiors lost no time in taking at once advantage of the permission granted to their English brethren; for, al-

though the news of the Roman decree took some weeks to reach Spain, yet Fathers John Roberts and Augustine Bradshaw were ready and thus able to set out for England on the feast of St. Stephen.

With Bradshaw as senior in profession, acting as leader, they travelled through the North of Spain to Bordeaux with another unnamed priest. Already then the government was informed by a priestly spy that "three Benedictine Friars(!) had left for England with plenty of money." They made a stay of several months at Paris and St. Omer's. Roberts met there Dr. Cecil, a relapsed convert, who betrayed his former friend's intention of going to England. In order not to be recognized, the missionaries exchange their habits for secular garments, sometimes of the gentry, or of tradesmen, or of serving men, as occasion would suggest. The passage of the channel, at most times trying, must have been doubly so for Father Roberts, whose health had suffered much through the Spanish climate and diet; but his fervor and courage made up for his weak health. The spy, Lewis Owen, his countryman, who for a time had been in the college of Valladolid, and was therefore able to give his government correct information about him, says: "He was the first (Benedictine) that had his mission from the Pope, and his own Spanish prelate, to go to England; which made him not a little proud that he should be a second Monk Augustine, to convert and reconcile his countrymen to the Roman Antichrist. Neither did he neglect his Lord and Master's business, but bestirred himself night and day in negotiating his business."

We need not doubt that the information given by the several persons about his movements roused the zeal of the spies to gain the reward for delivering up a seminary priest. One of them even took the same boat in order to secure his arrest on landing. But Father Roberts had arranged with the captain to land on an evening in a lonely spot, and not send the other travellers to the shore before next morning. In the middle of the night the captain had a small boat lowered, which took the missionaries to the shore, and when the spy awoke in the morning, his supposed victims had escaped him without leaving any trace.

(To be continued)

Easter Joys

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O.S.B.

Easter Joys! Our heart beats faster
As we see the risen Master
Standing at our heart's low door.
Then, the bars and bolts undoing,
"Enter Lord," we greet Him, cooing:
"Rest within me evermore!"

The Beauty of the 1930 Calendar

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B.

ASTRONOMY and Calendar-reckoning are subjects that most people are perfectly content to know very little of. For one thing, these subjects do not pay—unless one be expert in the line,—and then they afford too little pleasure, 'tis said. This second excuse is hardly correct, for popular astronomy lectures can be highly entertaining,—for example, those of Father Cortie of Stonyhurst or those of Sir Oliver Lodge.

As for calendar-reckoning,—which brings just a little astronomy with it—this year brings one the chance of easily seeing how the Church's year, and consequently the official public year, is composed or determined. For let us not forget that it is the Catholic year as regulated by Pope Gregory XIII that the whole civilized world now follows (the Jews and Mahomedans excepted). This Gregorian calendar is wonderfully correct and will keep time for thousands of years, so we Catholics may well be proud of it and should be able to explain it just a little to enquiring non-Catholics.

The present year, 1930, is really a model year: everything courses along fair and square. Beginning at the end, we note that there are only twenty-four Sundays after Pentecost, which is all but the minimum, twenty-three Sundays being rare. As a consequence we get five of the six Sundays after Epiphany in the right place, i. e., before Septuagesima. The sixth Sunday is just squeezed in on the Saturday and so virtually eliminated. None of those Masses have this year to be used as stop-gaps after the twenty-third Sunday. As a consequence Septuagesima is late, Lent is late, and Easter is late, falling on April 20th. Its latest possible date is April 23rd.

Now, as we learnt at school, Easter falls on the first Sunday after the spring full moon. Yes, the moon is at the bottom of it all. And so all will depend upon the dates of new moon and full moon throughout the year. Now in 1930, we observe, there is a new moon just at the beginning of the year,—or more strictly on Dec. 31st last. So the moon starts the year with a clean face, and *this* is the whole secret of the smooth and orderly calendar we have this year!

As full moon obviously occurs a fortnight after new moon, we get the first full moon on Jan. 14th, the second on Febr. 13th, a month later, and the third one on March 14th. The fourth falls very neatly on April 13th and *this* is our spring full moon. Easter Day must fall on the Sunday following, namely on April 20th.

From all this we see that it suffices to see how the moon comports herself from January to April, in order to understand "how the wheels go round" in the Church calendar.

So far we have studied 1930,—but *how about next year?* Have we any idea how Easter falls then? If we have, we shall have taken a good step forward in calendar-wisdom. Easter, as before, will dutifully follow the spring full moon, which in 1931 must fall eleven days earlier. The reason for this is that the moon's months are a little shorter than our ordinary months, so that by the end of the year the moon has not only gone round twelve times but has gone ahead eleven days, so that when we come to Jan. 1st, 1931, she is already eleven days old and consequently gets full eleven days earlier than in 1930. The result is that the spring full moon will be not on April 13th, but on April 2nd, and Easter will be on the Sunday following, i. e., April 5th. Now that is a whole fortnight earlier than this year, so two of the Sundays after Epiphany will have to be dropped. We shall make up for them at the end of the year by having not twenty-four but twenty-six Sundays after Pentecost.

In a general way we can say that the Easter full moons step back eleven days in two succeeding years, and so gets back from April into March. Then after these two steps back there is a bold step forward that lands us again in mid-April, so as to get the first full moon *after* the beginning of spring. In this way everything is kept seasonably. The little variety arising from the greater or less number of weeks before Easter, may be a disadvantage from a business point of view; but we truly think it gives the one last touch of poetry and religion to our too humdrum round of months and years. In psalm 103, verse 19, it is said that God established the moon as a means of regulating time,* so we consider it highly proper and gentlemanly that some regard should be paid in this respect to our fair satellite. The main reason for us, the redeemed, is, however, that Christ rose again after the Easter-Pasch of the Jews; so we should prefer not to start our Paschal time before it is the Pasch.

* "He hath made the moon for seasons."

Communion is the antidote for sin. If we fall into sin daily, then we ought daily to use this divine remedy.

Four Perplexing Words

E. WALSH

THE crowded streets were darkly dismal beneath the leaden April sky. Shoppers for Easter finery scurried from shelter to shelter between fitful gusts of rain. Motor trucks skidded in the slippery streets, spraying muddy ooze on the garments of luckless passers-by. Street cars clanged noisily, and motor cars proceeding cautiously, kept up a noisy clamor, adding mental weariness to acute physical discomfort.

In the dim vastness of the old Cathedral it seemed peaceful twilight. Before the white altar glowed the beacon light which indicated to the chance visitor that God was present. Today there was but one individual kneeling in the great dark church. Harry Dennis had stopped in to pay his usual daily visit to God. It was relief to step from the dismal day with out to the quiet peace within. The noise softened to a drowsy murmur that was faintly musical. Formless thoughts passed through the mind of the young man as his lips moved half mechanically.

With a start he realized that he was just wandering—he could not have told what dim, sweet thoughts surged through his mind in the Presence of the unseen Divinity. Resolutely he concentrated his wandering thoughts on the solemn season which preceded the glorious Easter morn so soon to come.

Unconsciously his eyes turned with his thoughts, to the stations portraying the last sad journey of Our Savior to the Cross. And here, in the presence of God Himself, arose in the heart of Harry Dennis the same old wondering doubt, the same old fierce loyalty shielding the exclamation which had tortured him since he was but a lad.

Harry Dennis was an exemplary Catholic. His knowledge of his Church and his unbending loyalty to her laws and doctrines were a source of pride to his parents, and commanded the respect of friend and foe alike. But no one knew of the wondering doubt which so often inspired the question in his mind: why had his Savior shown the one action which made Him seem unlike the God He was. Now, Harry would not have asked another this question. He would not even ask Jesus, for fear he might hurt that tender, loving Heart which had shed its precious blood for him. No, Harry would not acknowledge to himself even that the wondering doubt existed.

"I know He is God," he would whisper softly to himself. But smother the thought as he

would, his heart would sadly whisper back: "Why did He say, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me'?" For it seemed to Harry that the Son of God would know and understand that God would never forsake. If despair were so dark a sin in poor human beings, why should the Son of God speak so despairingly upon His dying cross those words which surely a God would not utter who was never in doubt of His Heavenly Father?

And so, through his boyhood, his youth, and into his splendid manhood, Harry carried in his heart the wondering sadness which made his Savior seem more human than divine. He did not want that Savior to have human faults. He wanted Him to know and understand human frailties, but never to share them. For how could blind human beings have a perfect faith in God, if His own Divine Son had failed in that last trying hour to show such faith?

Harry frowned at his own thoughts and resolutely began to whisper the Lord's prayer. He would not let himself wander into bogs of doubt! At that moment he was startled at a light suddenly appearing before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. He smiled at his own start of surprise, as he noticed the shadowy form of a woman kneel before the candle she had lighted. A thought struck him—why not ask the Blessed Mother of God the question he felt he could not ask her Son? Surely she would understand those last sacred words of despair!

He began his plea to the Blessed Virgin to help him to understand. He remembered the many explanations he had heard in various sermons. Perhaps the speakers did not realize how impossible it was for some to conceive of the human frailty they themselves believed lay behind those words from the cross. Perhaps they did not think that in the congregation there was a loyal, wistful, boyish heart bursting for the proof that Jesus never doubted His Father. Ah, Mary would understand!

In an hour the dim cathedral was empty save for the Divine Presence keeping eternal vigil. Before the altar of the Blessed Virgin flickered two waxen candles. In the pouring rain without, Harry Dennis turned with a light heart towards his home, with a feeling of great confidence that his prayer would somehow be answered. For is it not said that no one has ever appealed to the Blessed Mother in vain?

Good Friday—that anniversary of sorrow, the harbinger of divine hope and joy, would soon be gone. In his room, Harry Dennis

reached for a book which had come to mean to him a wonderful new knowledge of the Savior.

The book—a copy of Papini's Life of Christ—had been a Christmas gift. At first he had been frankly skeptical. He knew something of the history of the unbeliever who had admitted himself to be a dismal failure. How could he write of the God he denied? But once he had begun to read the book, he was filled with amazed delight. Like Paul of old, the writer seemed inspired with love for the God he had despised. He had the wonderful power of making the Savior live again in this living, speaking, pictured personality.

Harry had found that it was not easy to grasp readily the thoughts of Papini. So he had slowly, carefully studied the Life of Christ. It was fitting that to-night he was to read of the crucifixion of the Savior. With what poignant sadness Papini leads one beside the faltering steps of Jesus!

So realistically was the scene recalled, Harry seemed at times to be actually taking the place of the Savior. He stood patiently while Pilate debated, seeing through the inspired words of Papini, with what a clear vision Jesus realized what was passing through the mind of the politician. In that mockery of a trial there was no defence God could make. He could only speak to confirm the accusations heaped upon Him, for was it not His mission to save, and was ever one soul saved by aught but truth? And so, patiently He waited, answering now and then the questions which seemed to indicate that the questioner really sought the truth. Though He was so soon to die, yet His great love shone forth in His sincere effort to answer so that they might understand that He was truly God.

Spring's Magician

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

We gaze amazed upon the magic art
Of spring's performer on her earth-formed stage,
When with his glinting golden wand
He conjures up by mute command
Life-gifted beings, perfect in each part,
For gaping audiences of every age.
Presto! he spreads a rug of green,
Then weaves into its silken sheen
A floral pattern made of florets fair
That burst in bloom when his warm touch they feel
He strikes the naked limbs of trees,
And presently in perfumed breeze
There flutter gowns, scarfs, ruff, and fluffy hair,
Embroidered robes of ermine, fox, or seal.
He bows—no herald need proclaim
This wizard necromancer's name—
Rejuvenating, beaming, old man Sun.

Step by step, through the agony of the flogging, through the mockery of the crowning with thorns, through the long, sad journey to Calvary, Harry went, suffering in mind as the Savior had suffered in body. He shuddered—he would put away the book which brought that scene of almost two thousand years ago to him with such startling clearness that he suffered with his God. The thought had but occurred to him when he thought of the sad reproach: "Couldst thou not watch one hour?"

Resolutely Harry Dennis forced himself to share the agony of Jesus upon the Cross. How long the time seemed! How many thoughts passed through the mind while drop by drop fell the Precious Blood of the Savior!

"And then there was heard in the thick air, in the silence of the darkness, 'Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani?' That is to say: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

Harry closed his eyes for a second. Was his prayer to the Blessed Virgin about to be answered? He looked again to read the simple explanation:

"This was the first verse of a psalm which He had repeated to Himself many times because He had found there so many presages of His life and of His death."

Harry closed the book and fell on his knees. Through his soul flooded the light of truth and understanding. How simple, how like the perfect Savior of men were those words, recalling the psalm known to all Jews, foretelling this very scene! Yearning to the last to show his accusers, to prove to them that He was the Savior sent to redeem them, He had leaned from the Cross to recall to their minds the prophecy foretelling the dreadful agony He was now suffering. Surely, when He recalled this prophetic psalm to their minds, they would acknowledge Him Who wished only to save them! "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But His voice faltered. His mind went on through that sad prophecy, but He could no longer speak it aloud. His strength was almost spent.

And the Jews, not understanding, had said: "Behold, He calleth Elias!" And the Christians who followed have said that His was a cry of doubt. But He Who was about to commend His Spirit into the loving Hands of His Father, had meant it as His last conscious effort to lead the blind to see, and the seeming expression of belief that God had abandoned Him was in reality proof triumphant that He it was of Whom this scene had been prophesied. What did the words mean to Him? They were the words of a human prophet, shrinking from that dreadful vision of a crucified Savior. And though He must needs use the words of despairing appeal to recall this prophecy to their minds, yet they

meant nothing of despair to Him! God knows not despair!

How long he knelt in fervent thanksgiving Harry did not know. At last he arose and turned again to the book. He smiled as he found that Papini himself had missed the truth he had helped Harry to grasp. After all, it did not matter so long as one did not lose faith in God. Perhaps others did not demand that constancy and steadfast loyalty in their ideal concept of the Savior. But he had expected the highest, and he had not sought in vain. Through the understanding Blessed Mother, it had been made clear to him that what he had feared was a faltering of faith, was really the dying expression of love and charity Jesus had ever shown. Again he knelt to ask forgiveness of Jesus for the doubt that he had never put into words.

The darkness of early dawn melted away into the grey mist of a rainy Easter morn. Churchgoers, garbed in Easter finery, scurried from shelter to shelter between fitful gusts of rain.

The vastness of the old Cathedral was brightly illumined by gleaming, joyously twinkling candles. The great white altar was decked with beautiful flowers. From the choir loft arose a triumphant anthem of joy. The great church was crowded to the doors. In the back of the church knelt Harry Dennis paying his usual daily visit to God. His whole soul was filled with the triumphant joy of the Resurrection that proved Jesus to be the Savior of men. And down in his heart echoed a boyish cry of exaltation that He had likewise proven to be the trusting, loyal Son of His Father—a Son Who never faltered in His faith in God.

The Old Globe—Shakespeare's Theatre

(Continued from page 542)

Now the management has really outdone itself in stage realism. At Henry's entrance, some cannons of imperfect manufacture are discharged in his honor. A bit of paper with which one of the chambers was stuffed alights on the thatched roof.

Who notices? Who cares about a trifle of a spark, anyway? Everyone is engrossed in watching Henry dance with Anne. The ignited paper imbeds itself in the thatch; it develops an inordinate appetite for straw; in a few minutes, the whole roof is ablaze.

As Sir Henry Wotton wrote to his nephew, the fire "ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw and a few forsaken clothes; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that perhaps had broiled him, if he had not, by the

benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." (What a situation for a Hollywood comedian that would make!)

Nothing was left of the historic theatre but charred ruins. But it was replaced by a much improved structure the following year on the same site.

Shakespeare was the life-blood of the Globe; the reason for its prosperity. No wonder Leonard Digges, an Elizabethan poet, laments after Shakespeare's death:

"And though the Fox and subtle Alchemist,
Long intermittent, could not quite be missed,
Though these have shamed all the ancients, and might
raise

Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire
And doorkeeper: when, let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest—you scarce shall have a room.

But oh; what praise more powerful can we give
The dead, than that by him the King's Men live,
His players, which should they have shared the fate,
All else expired within the short term's date,
How could the Globe have prospered, since through
want.

Of change, the plays and poems have grown scant?"

The Globe was demolished in 1644. The plots on which it formerly stood were given over to other buildings, a brewery for one. Details of the site have become so confused that a controversy sprang up as to which side of the road the Globe occupied. According to investigations conducted by the London City Council, the preponderance of evidence favors the South Side.

With our modern conveniences of travel there is less excuse for missing Mass on Sunday than there was thirty years ago.

First Spring Blossoms

S.R. M. AGNES FINLEY

Blossoms, blossoms,
Winter was your sire.
You, in white attire,
Ruled his fiercest gale.
Gales shall never fail
To make white robes whiter
And soul smiles the brighter.
Lightning darkest vales.
Blossoms, blossoms,
Winter was your sire.
You, in white attire,
Ruled his fiercest gale.

*Through
Blood-*



*Limned
Eyes*

FROM Calvary's cross-crowned crest through blood-limned,
breaking eyes,
The Savior's gaze a motley mass of souls espies:
His mother's sword-pierced soul, a holocaust of love;
John's virgin heart that flutters near like snow-white dove;
The grief-cleft soul of Magdalen, her fount of tears;
The women's ministering love, unchecked by human fears;
The gleam of faith that glows within Longinus' breast;
The good thief's soul, contrite, that frames his bold request;
The robber's clammy heart, sin-clogged to grace's rain;
The ribald, dicing soldiers' souls, unmoved by pain;
Proud hearts of Jewish deicides, that naught of mercy know;
Dark, apathetic Pagans' souls, athirst for novel show.

At the Holy

Sacri- fice



HEN on the cross-capped altar Christ in sacrifice
Is raised, before His eyes my soul unveiled lies:
Would it be nailed with Jesus to the Cross above,
Or long with John to die its loyal love to prove?
Do I with Magdalen bewail my sin-spent years,
And vow fidelity despite men's taunts and jeers?
Is by my reverent attitude my faith confessed,
In wistful, humble prayer my soul's dire need expressed?
Does Christ renew His pains for my dull soul in vain?
Yea, does it e'en devise new schemes of sinful gain,
Or deal the Savior's Heart by sin a killing blow,
And, sin-stained, dead, from life's fresh fountain go?

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Right Reverend Ignatius Edward Esser, O. S. B., Abbot Coadjutor

BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B.

THE March number of THE GRAIL carried the announcement that, because of continued ill health and advancing years, the Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey since March, 1898, finding the weight of his exalted office too heavy to bear, had asked the Holy See for the assistance of a Coadjutor with the right of succession who should relieve him of this burden. The petition having been granted on Jan. 13, 1930, the capitulars of St. Meinrad Abbey—all monks in solemn vows—were notified that on March 11th the election of a Coadjutor would take place at the Abbey. Accordingly, at 7:45 on the morning of the day appointed, Father Prior Columban celebrated a Solemn Votive High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit to invoke aid from on high for guidance in a matter of supreme importance for the welfare of the community—according to the Rule of St. Benedict the abbot is chosen, not for a certain period of time, but “until death do us part.”

Promptly at nine o'clock the electors assembled in chapter for the momentous task that lay before them. The Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., Abbot of Conception, Mo., and President of the Swiss-American Congregation of Benedictines, was the presiding officer. The purpose of the election having been announced and a few prefatory remarks of explanation having been made, the balloting began. The majority vote was cast in favor of Rev. Ignatius (Edward) Esser, who, since September, 1929, had been rector of the St. Meinrad Minor Seminary. The call to govern the community having been accepted, though reluctantly, the Coadjutor Abbot was there and then confirmed in office by the Rt. Rev. President. Mid the pealing of church bells the electors filed into the Abbey Church, where the Coadjutor Abbot-elect was led to the throne in the sanctuary. There he was vested with rochet (surplice) and mozzetta (cape with small hood worn by prelates); the pectoral cross, symbolic of the burden he assumes, was hung on his breast, and the biretta given him. The new prelate was then seated on the throne to receive the homage of the community. Each member of the chapter in turn approached to kiss the hand of his new superior and to receive from him the “kiss of peace.” The happy ceremony closed with the singing of the *Te Deum*. The public ceremony

of the abbatial benediction has been set for May 7, the feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., of Indianapolis, will celebrate the Pontifical High Mass and bestow the ecclesiastical benediction on the Coadjutor Abbot-elect. The rites prescribed for the blessing of an abbot are almost identically the same as those followed in the consecration of a bishop, except that no consecration takes place.

Coadjutor Abbot-elect Ignatius was born at Ridgway, Ill., in the diocese of Belleville, on April 18, 1890. At the baptismal font he received the name of Edward. In 1901 the family removed to Poseyville, Ind., where the father of the family engaged in business. In the autumn of 1908 Edward came to St. Meinrad to take up the studies for the priesthood. At the end of the fourth year of the ecclesiastical course he took a trip to Europe, spending the summer vacation of 1912 in France, Alsace, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Returning in the autumn, he completed the fifth year of his studies and then donned the monastic habit and cowl. At the conclusion of his novitiate he consecrated himself to God on Sept. 8th by the vows of religion as Frater Ignatius. At the end of his theological studies in 1919, the order of priesthood was conferred upon him by Bishop Chartrand on June 10th. Since his ordination Father Ignatius has been active in the classroom, where he proved himself a capable, successful, and popular teacher in English, higher mathematics, music, and especially philosophy. Success has followed him too in the sacred ministry as pulpit orator. He has frequently been heard at forty-hour devotions and in retreats to religious.

Many are the friends the Abbot-elect has made in these few years. If we may judge by the numerous telegrams and letters of congratulation, together with the verbal expressions of felicitation, our choice seems to have been a happy one, for it meets with the hearty approval of our many friends beyond the walls as well as that of the community. For this we are profoundly grateful and give utterance to a heartfelt “Deo gratias!”

While all now is expressive of joy, there are weighty problems to be solved, heavy burdens to be shouldered. As soon as circumstances shall permit, both monastery and college must

be enlarged to meet present and future needs. The funds wherewith to do this is one of the problems that confronts the new Abbot. However, we are sure that "God will provide" in His own good way and time.

When Abbot Athanasius took up the reins after the death of his predecessor in 1898, the future looked far less rosy than at present, yet in thirty-two years very much has been accomplished. The fire of 1887, which destroyed monastery, seminary, and college, left considerable indebtedness on the property. Abbot Athanasius set quietly to work with vigor and energy. The first building he erected was the beautiful Abbey Church in which the sacred liturgy could be carried out. On St. Benedict's day, March 21, 1907, the sacred edifice was used for the first time. Then after an interval of a few years came the library, and finally the theological seminary, which latter forms an attractive west front. The number of students preparing for the priesthood at St. Meinrad has increased since 1898 from fewer than 100 (68 in the college and 31 in the seminary) to practically 400 at the present time. The large parish of St. Benedict, which employs four priests, was established some years ago at Evansville. Moreover, out of the few priests at his disposal Abbot Athanasius sent two others to the Indian missions in South Dakota. As "the mills of God grind slowly, but fine," so affairs in a monastery do not ordinarily move rapidly, but advance gradually until the goal has been reached.

Besides the material progress indicated in the foregoing lines the spiritual has not been neglected and discipline has been maintained. May it please God to continue His loving protection over us under the new pilot He has placed at the helm.

Alan's Daughter

(Continued from page 544)

came out again. Alfrida stepped from the hollow of the tree and spread her sodden mantle upon some bushes to dry. Meanwhile she sat upon a stump and let the sun pour down upon her hair. When it was a little dried she rose and started back toward the palace, but she found walking difficult and she had missed the path. When she came to a little stream she discovered her mistake, but it was not deep and she easily waded through it, and then a short walk brought her back into the open and she recognized the marshes around Sandwich, while right opposite to her were the tall trees that surrounded Eastry. The marshes were hard to cross; every now and then she came to a swamp that she had to go around; wild

ducks fled before her, and snipe that had come up from the sea, and the way was very much longer than she had thought it would be.

When the sun began to decline the trees about Eastry looked as far away as ever; then night fell, and she became anxious. She began to feel weak then, also, for she had eaten nothing since the bowl of buttermilk with wheaten cakes that Edith had brought to her early in the morning. If only she could have had Edith with her then! The good, old, dumb woman who had been her mother's attendant, and yet could tell her daughter nothing about her, Edith who had taught her all that she knew of needle craft, and whose sign language was at once so expressive, and so meager. The thought of Edith's faithfulness reproached her then, for it seemed to her that she had been thoughtless of her, if not positively ungrateful.

The prospect of a lonely night upon the marshes filled her with terror; her bravery was not proof against the danger from evil men who might chance to be hiding out there close beside her. And there was the anger of Thunor, also, even supposing that everything went well and she got home safely in the end. That was the most terrible thought of all, and she tried to pray, for she felt that she had been impulsive and imprudent, and then she fell to wondering if indeed she were fit to pray and this new fear caused the words to freeze upon her lips. And through it all she kept moving, and all the time she was walking away from home and safety, and knew it not.

(To be continued)

The Gift of Gifts

EDITH TATUM

He hung upon the cross in agony,
But in His heart He heard the world's sad plea.

His pain-dimmed eyes looked down upon her face
Whose beauty even grief could not displace.

A love-filled gift, greater than any other
He gave us then. He said, 'Behold thy mother!'

The Cyrenian

KATE AYERS ROBERT

"May I come in?" asked Simon
Of Peter at the gate.
"What have you done to earn it?
Speak ere it be too late."

"Whence this mark upon your shoulder?"
Simon murmured, " 'Tis but dross,
I only helped a Nazarene
In carrying His cross."

Underground Chapels

A. MINER

It is not generally known that in the government salt mines in the Polish town of Wielicka, which is situated in the ancient province of Galicia, about twenty-three miles southeast of Krakow, are to be found most beautiful Catholic chapels. These chapels are situated in the depths of the mines, some 260 feet below the earth's surface.

Visitors are taken to the chapels by means of hydraulic lifts, but there is also a long slanting stairway which is cut in the solid rock salt. There are seven levels to the mines, but only those nearest the surface are open to visitors. The chapels are located on the first level.

Off one of the main passages is the Chapel of St. Anthony. This is a very old sanctuary, dating back to 1698, when it was opened to the public. Since that time thousands of the faithful have worshipped there. The vestibule to St. Anthony's Chapel is an archway which is decorated with figures at the sides.

Several hundred people may be accommodated in the interior of the shrine. There is a beautiful Altar cut out of solid rock salt. Decorating this altar are panels depicting the Passion of Our Lord.

On the altar steps are two carved figures representing kneeling monks. Along the sides of the chapel are various beautiful shrines, and the statues of the saints therein are exquisitely carved of rock salt.

During the year, at various times, priests celebrate Mass in St. Anthony's chapel in honor of the saint himself, as well as in memory of the poor miner who, without aid, carved the chapel so long ago.

All through the first level of this remarkable salt mine the visitor may observe carved statues of various saints and kneeling figures. The guide, with his lighted torch, always points out the beautiful shrine of the Blessed Virgin, which is located within an elaborately decorated archway. There are, besides these principal shrines, several little chambers bearing the names of the better known martyrs.

St. Anthony's and the chapels surrounding it are not the only ones to be found in the mine, however. Farther on in the dark passageway there is a sanctuary called the Queen's Chapel. This has a most magnificent altar which on its sides contains views of Bethlehem.

It is said that one man spent many long months endeavoring to carve out in the white rock salt this beautiful piece of sculpture, and it is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful sights in the mines.

The most remarkable thing about these un-

derground chapels is that they are from twenty to twenty-five minutes' walk from the light of the sun. They are the deepest of any religious place of worship in the world. The catacombs in Rome are not so far underground.

In spite of their distance from the light of day, however, the salt-mine chapels are visited all through the year by throngs of people. The Wielicka mines are considered the most wonderful of their kind in existence. There are about eight mine pits, some of which are more than 900 feet deep.

Blessing to Prisons and Hospitals

EDWARD J. LAVELL

Catholics who visit prisons, hospitals, and similar institutions are often heard to complain of the sad need of reading matter for those inmates who are of the Faith. Such is the charity and zeal of the Catholic public that, if it were understood that in our prisons there are many prisoners, some of them confined for long terms; in our hospitals, many patients whose diseases are of a tedious nature, or even incurable, all eager for reading matter to gladden their hearts and brighten their lives—if this need were more generally known, Catholics everywhere would be ready to assist in supplying it.

One kind-hearted priest, who used to visit a prison, always taking with him a supply of Catholic papers and magazines, once said that nothing could have been more eagerly accepted by the prisoners. There was genuine and general disappointment whenever he was not supplied with abundant reading matter, whatever else he might have to distribute. And the zealous chaplain of one prison has been known to declare that he has sometimes been obliged to destroy Catholic literature in circulation among the inmates, because it had become so soiled and tattered from frequent use.

Let it be remembered that patients in hospitals and inmates of prisons, many of them without friends, have need of something to occupy their leisure, and that if Catholic literature is not provided for them they will be in danger of reading papers and books calculated to vitiate their minds and to destroy their faith. There is no telling how many might be brought back to a Christian life, how many whose sufferings might be alleviated, how many young folk whose steps might be directed in the right path, by the aid of good reading.

If it be a meritorious act, deserving of God's blessing, to give a cup of cold water, surely a special benediction is in store for those who provide intellectual and moral refreshment for weary minds and sin-sick or grieving hearts.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—During the year 1929 there were 31,000 deaths in the United States that resulted from automobile accidents. Over half of these deaths occurred to pedestrians.

—During seven months the Holy Name Society distributed from its headquarters in New York over three hundred thousand copies of Cardinal Gibbons, "The Faith of our Fathers." One million copies is the goal.

—*The Czechoslovak Bulletin*, which comes from Prague, Czechoslovakia, contains in its issue of December, 1929, a description of the St. Wenceslas millenary, commemorating the thousandth anniversary of the assassination of the holy king, who met a violent death at the hands of his brother on Sept. 28, 929. Celebrations were held throughout the year. *The Bulletin*, which is published by Rev. Fr. Dvornik, M. A., D. D., appears both in English and in French in this special edition. The accompanying illustrated section of four pages done in photo brown, is a credit to the printers. Each picture is brought out as clear as the original photograph.

—A National Eucharistic Congress will take place at Zagreb in Jugoslavia from August 14 to 17. At the time of the former national Eucharistic congress in the same city in 1923 100,000 Catholics paid public homage to the Blessed Sacrament. In the past six years regional Eucharistic congresses have been held in various cities of Jugoslavia.

The Mission Field

—Recently the Holy Father conferred the decoration "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" on Barnabas Sarikrama, the first native of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, to be so honored. The recipient of this decoration is a zealous convert to the Church, who, during the years since his renunciation of paganism a quarter of a century ago, has converted 173 of his fellow countrymen. It is interesting to note that a wound in the body brought this one-time pagan to the Jesuit mission for treatment. What he observed while at the mission, opened his eyes to the light of faith. He is now a real apostle.

—Oftentimes as in the instance just cited, the soul can be reached only through the illness of the body. This is observed frequently in our Catholic hospitals, which for innumerable souls prove to be the vestibule to heaven. No one can estimate the amount of spiritual good accomplished in the Catholic hospital, which has a mission field all its own. Quite recently the Holy Father gave expression to this thought when a band of American lay medical missionaries: one doctor, three registered nurses, and two Holy Cross Sisters, on their way to India, were in audience with him.

—The Society of St. Francis de Sales, one of the younger religious families in the Church, which was founded by the Blessed Don Bosco in 1874, now numbers more than one thousand priests. This Society,

which has many foreign missions and schools for boys in other lands, maintains a chain of eighteen meteorological observatories in South America, besides two others in Central America. Moreover, the Society has an observatory at Beitgemal in Palestine, and it plans one each for Japan, China, India, and Siam.

—In the Diocese of Allahabad, India, which has a non Christian population of 27,000,000, the Praemonstratensian or Norbertine Order has been allotted a mission field.

—There died recently in Tuticorin, India, a very zealous lay apostle, Mr. Dairiam Pillai, to whose zeal and eloquence is accredited the conversion of 5,000 persons in the fifty years of his apostolate.

—During the past ten years, especially through the influence of a zealous Franciscan Sister, the number of Catholics among the Chinese in Jamaica, B. W. I., has increased from less than a dozen to 600.

—We read with gratification that natives in the Shansi Province in China have thought out plans for putting a stop to the barbarous practice of infanticide, a practice that is deeply rooted there. It is said that if a woman at her third confinement gives birth to a female child, the life of the innocent little one is mercilessly snuffed out. A system of recompenses has been proposed to offset this horrible evil.

—Nepal, a territory in Central Asia about the size of the State of New York, which contains 5,500,000 inhabitants, has for centuries been closed to Christianity. With one or two notable exceptions all foreigners are excluded. American Jesuits from the Missouri Province, who are in charge of the Patna mission field in India, will undertake to Christianize this people which has been so long in the power of the evil one, who will not easily relinquish his hold on them. That will in all probability mean more martyrs for the Faith.

—The Spanish Dominicans in the Vicariate of Bui-chu, Indo-China, who came originally from Manila, P. I., are in charge of 321,515 Catholics, less than one-eighth of the total population, which numbers 2,400,000. Last July this mission field was devastated by a destructive typhoon. Shortly after the disaster the Holy Father sent a generous alms to relieve the suffering.

—According to the latest official world survey of the mission field, concluded in June, 1927, there was at that time a missionary personnel of 46,174. Add to this the lay helpers, such as catechists, teachers, and others, and the number increases to 163,615. Of these, 12,952 were priests, foreign and native-born, secular and religious! 5,110 brothers; and 28,112 sisters. These toilers in the vineyard, which encircles the globe, were distributed among 374 ecclesiastical divisions in eighty-one countries. Within the past two and a half years since this survey was completed the number of these laborers has been materially increased. The total Catholic population in mission lands was at that time estimated at 18,345,373.

—According to the report of the commission for Catholic missions among the Indians and the Negroes of the United States 200 priests are looking after the spiritual welfare of 84,995 Indians, who have 327 mis-

sion churches, while 208 priests are caring for 211,437 Negroes with 189 churches. Negro converts for the year 1929 totaled 3,049, which was an increase of 238 over those of the year previous.

—The Very Rev. B. M. Ranzani, S. J., Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Mangalore, British India, has kindly sent us a copy of "Unitas," the year book of St. Joseph's Seminary for 1929. It is fifty-one years since the Jesuits established this seminary, which has given the missions of India quite a number of excellent native priests. The one thing that hampers this meritorious work, and the same can be said of all other Catholic mission enterprises, whether at home or abroad, is the lack of funds for erecting the buildings needed to make for greater efficiency. With a larger seminary a greater number of seminarians could be accommodated and more native priests could be furnished the missions among the more than 320,000,000 pagans in that far-off land. The Catholics of India, who number 2,856,237, are but fifteen per cent of the total population. In the whole country there are 3,183 priests to look after a widely-scattered flock. Vocations to the priesthood are said to be plentiful, but whence shall come the means to enable these aspirants to reach their goal. A native clergy would be able to accomplish more than foreigners. To those who assist the Jesuit Fathers in carrying on their work various spiritual benefits are offered.—"Unitas" contains an interesting chronicle of events for the year from Dec. 6, 1928, to Dec. 3, 1929. When we recall that Mangalore is down towards the equator and on a line of latitude that passes through the State of Nicaragua in Central America, we can the more easily grasp why the long vacation opened on April 6th and closed on June 8th. The holiday vacation extended from Dec. 3rd to Jan. 5th. Another item informs the reader that volley ball was introduced into the seminary at 5:35 p. m. on June 15th.

—According to *Fides Service* Mangalore, India, is one of the two Latin dioceses in which the personnel—bishop and priests—is entirely native-born.

Benedictine

—Holy Cross Abbey, Canon City, Colorado, has a mission band composed of four priests of the Abbey: Fathers Regis Barrett, Nicholas Schwallie, Raymond Layton, and Leo Eichenlaub.

—Rev. Hugo O'Neill, O. S. B., formerly of St. Leo Abbey, Florida, but now of St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, spent four and a half months in the employ of the Federal Government and on the Government pay roll doing actual field work, endeavoring to exterminate the Mediterranean fruit fly, which was discovered in Florida in April, 1929. Father Hugo has charge of the herbarium of the Catholic University. In the coming summer term he will teach courses in botany and plant physiology at the Catholic University.

—There are four abbeys in Brazil that date their foundation from before the year 1600: that of St. Sebastian at Bahia, in 1582, restored in 1899; the Abbey of Our Lady of Montserrat at Rio de Janeiro, in

1590, restored in 1903, and in 1909 raised to the rank of "Nullius" with the dependent territory of Rio Branco; the Abbey of St. Benedict at Olinda, Pernambuco, in 1592, restored in 1895; Assumption Abbey in the city of Sao Paulo, established in 1598, and restored in 1900. Owing to the hostile attitude of the enemies of the Church the Brazilian Congregation was all but extinct when at the instance of Leo XIII of happy memory a transfusion of new blood by monks from Beuron, Germany, resuscitated the venerable vine shoot that was threatened with annihilation.

—Rev. Gall Eugster, O. S. B., for seventeen years chaplain of the Government Indian School at Chemawa, State of Washington, has been recalled to Mt. Angel Abbey. His post at the Indian School has been filled by the appointment of Father Ildephonse Calmus, O. S. B., who had spent ten years with the Indians at Kakawis, B. C. Father Gall, now retired, was an ardent apostle of daily Communion, often distributing over 80,000 Communions a year. He was greatly loved by the Indian children, who, regardless of creed, always greeted him with: "God bless you, Father Gall!" when he appeared on the campus.

—Rev. Charles Moser, O. S. B., another Indian missionary of the same abbey, who spent thirty years among the Indians in British Columbia, has likewise retired from his arduous task. Father Charles was well known and highly esteemed by Protestant as well as Catholic all along the coast. He was a real apostle, making himself all to all. His departure was sincerely regretted by his numerous friends.

—The Mother General of the Missionary Benedictine Nuns of Tutzing, Bavaria, Rev. Mother Clodesindis, O. S. B., recently returned from an extended visit to the missions in East and South Africa, where her spiritual daughters are laboring among the natives. The community maintains at Reading, England, a house of studies, whither the nuns repair to meet the requirements of the English Government in the mission schools they conduct in English territory.

—The use of the missal by the laity while attending Mass is growing from year to year. One of the deservedly popular missals, which gives in English and in Latin, in parallel columns, all the Masses of the whole year in their entirety, is the St. Andrew Daily Missal. This Missal is published in Belgium by the Benedictine monks of the Abbey of St. André at Lophem near Bruges. During the year 1929 the importers of this Missal sold 18,325 copies, which is an increase of 834 copies over the sales of 1928.

—According to word sent out from Rome by the Abbot Primate of the Order of St. Benedict, Rt. Rev. Fidelis de Stotzingen, O. S. B., to the Benedictine communities scattered over the globe, the Holy Father, under date of October 17, 1929, granted to all Benedictine churches a "toties quoties" plenary indulgence for the feast of St. Benedict, which falls on March 21. This privilege is granted in perpetuum—for all time. Accordingly, a plenary indulgence may be gained for each visit to a Benedictine Church from noon on March 20 to midnight of the following day.

KWEERY KORNER

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to **THE GRAIL**, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE: The questioner from Chicago who proposed the case concerning her husband and the Knights of Pythias will do well to take her question to her pastor or her confessor for solution. It would consume more space to answer the case in full than the editor of this column is allowed. Any priest, in fact, will be able to settle your difficulty in a satisfactory manner.

NOTE: The questioner from Minneapolis is kindly asked to read the "Rules for the Question Box" found at the top of this column in each issue of **THE GRAIL**.

Could a Catholic girl marry a young man who was formerly a Catholic? Could this marriage be celebrated in Church?—Indiana.

You should take your case directly to your pastor. However, a young man who has given up his religion is one to whom no sensible Catholic girl should entrust her future happiness. The man who will prove untrue to his Catholic faith is one who will also prove untrue to you. As to whether the marriage may be celebrated in church, the editor of this column leaves that entirely to your pastor after you have consulted him on the matter.

Who was the father of the Blessed Virgin Mary?—Paola, Kans.

Saint Joachim was the father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Do you think the modern Catholic boy one bit better than the modern Catholic girl? Priests now seem to be picking on the girls?—Kansas City, Mo.

The very fact that priests are "picking on the girls" ought to make the present-day girl take notice. It is rather difficult to answer your question decisively and the editor of this column would not be accused of lack of chivalry. However, it seems to be the opinion of a great many priests, with whom your editor comes in contact, that the modern Catholic girl, in dress, manner, relation with the other sex, and general demeanor, has departed very far from the sweet modesty, gracious simplicity, charming shyness, and admirable reserve which marked her sister of a former day. Be it noted that Catholic boys, as a rule, are no better or worse than the Catholic girls of a nation.

Is Emil the name of a Saint? If it is when does the feast occur? What other spelling has the name?—St. Louis, Mo.

The name Emil is a corruption of Aemelius. There are many Saints of that name. The best known is Saint Aemelius, Confessor of Lucca, whose feast occurs on February 1st.

Is it true that if we wear a scapular medal during our life and have one on at our death we will never go to hell?—Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is a very beautiful Catholic practise to always wear the scapular or a scapular medal. But doing so would not of itself save one from going to hell. The only absolute way of avoiding hell is to be always in the state of sanctifying grace; that means, to be free from mortal sin. The devout wearing of the scapular may help one to remain in the state of grace, but of itself, it is not the means of salvation.

Do mail carriers have a Patron Saint and who is he?—Ponca City, Okla.

Saint Gabriel, the Archangel, whose feast occurs on March 24th, has ever been regarded as the Patron Saint of mail carriers.

If your father is a non-Catholic and your mother is a Catholic and both ask you to go to church with them, which one must you obey?—Wichita, Kans.

Your mother only. When a non-Catholic marries a Catholic he is obliged to promise that the Catholic partner in the marriage will be allowed to practise her religion and that all of the children will be raised in the Catholic Faith. And your Catholic Faith forbids you to attend service in a non-Catholic church. Hence there is no obligation to obey your father in this instance.

If one is doubtful that his rosary has been blessed what should he do?—Cleveland, Ohio.

Have the rosary blessed immediately and make sure thereby that you are gaining the indulgences.

Why do priests frown down on women smoking when our old grandmothers used to do it and nothing was said about the matter?—Chicago, Ill.

When you are an old grandmother, and the older and the grander the better, you may smoke and, I am sure, no priest will take exception to it. Just lately a well-known prelate in our country made a public statement worth consideration on the part of our American women: "Many women are smoking to-day, but no lady ever smokes." The distinction is worthy of note and carries its own lesson.

Is it true that the parents of Judas Iscariot gave him away as a baby because they felt he would one day be a disgrace to them?—Columbus, Ohio.

The editor of this column never encountered that story in his studies or his reading. Perhaps you have found that statement in some work of pious fiction. There is positively no warrant for it in the realm of Catholic theology or belief.

What do the words "Nihil Obstat" and "Imprimatur" which I find in the beginning of prayer books mean?—St. Paul, Minn.

"Nihil Obstat" and "Imprimatur" are Latin words. The first expression means "There is no objection," and signifies that the book is in conformity with all Catholic teaching; the latter word means "It may be printed," and is the permission from proper authorities that the book in question may be published.

Would you advise a girl to wait until she has finished school to enter the sisterhood, or to go into the community at once?—Cincinnati, Ohio.

Leave the matter with your confessor and the superior of the community you plan to join. The sooner you enter into the religious life the better, providing you are sure of your vocation.

(Continued on page 566)



Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON



OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eiseman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE LENTEN SEASON

Once again we have with us the blessed Lenten season, a season of penance and self-denial, but one of holy joy to those who enter into it earnestly, trying to derive from it all the graces and blessings Holy Church meant us to have. To those of us who are worldly-minded, Lent will seem a disagreeable season, because it curbs many of the joys to which we have been accustomed, but if we stop to consider how time is flying, how every tick of the clock brings us closer to the grave, to Eternity, how each new calendar hung upon the wall brings with it a new birthday, a new year added to our lives—that thought ought to sober us, and turn us inwardly to the business of saving our immortal souls.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins." The first purpose of Lent is to do penance for our sins, and if charity "covereth a multitude of sins," then that must be the ideal way to have them remitted. We read of many saints, ordinary men and women like ourselves, who were accompanied by no prodigies at their births, with no angels foretelling their greatness, who arrived at their high estate just because of their great charity to others—to the poor, to sinners, to the suffering, to those in despair. There was St. Vincent de Paul, Frederick Ozanam, Marie Och of Belgium, Madame Miramion and her contemporaries of France—Mlle. de Lamognan, Jeanne Biscot, Anne de Melun, and hosts of others, as yet uncanonized, but saints no less, having drawn the attention of God from heaven by their incessant and untiring charity.

CHARITY TO THE MISSIONS

So also might we do. What better penance could we perform, what more effective payment for our

debts, than a great interest in our poverty-stricken missions? And not only an interest, but a lively, working interest, which is not satisfied only to read, and be sorry for others, but to show that pity and sympathy in a concrete manner. There are so many ways in which one may help the missions. First of all, there is the subject of old clothing; everybody has articles of wearing apparel the year around, which he grows tired of, or which becomes slightly shabby—not spick-and-span enough to wear to the office or other place of employment, but still solid of material. Don't throw it in the rags or sell it for ten or fifteen cents—become "mission-minded." Have an empty box always ready in some handy closet, and as soon as some article is discarded, fold it up neatly and place in the mission box.

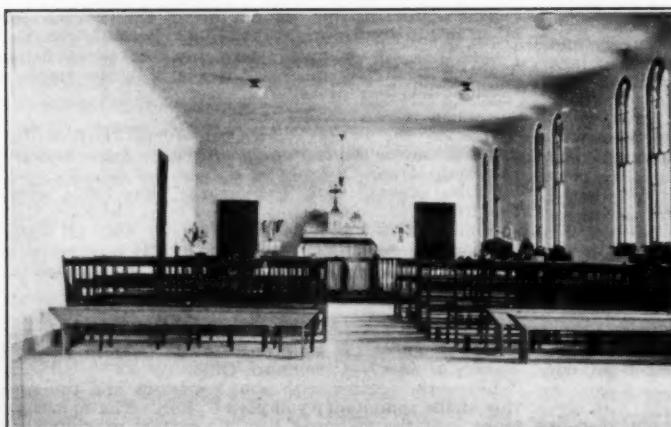
The same with dishes, glasses, pans, kettles, or other utensils which sometimes lie on the top shelves of pantries, being saved for some possible future use, but which are always passed by and only take up valuable space—"pack them in." Prayer books, rosaries, holy pictures, medals, which no one uses, beads which may be used by the Indians in their beadwork, story books or old school books which are packed down cellar or up in the attic, Catholic magazines, sacred statues or framed pictures, crucifixes and holy water fonts—one may discover dozens of things if one is "mission-minded."

Make up your mind, too, for Lent, to lay aside a small amount a day or week, to send to the missions, which must buy groceries and provisions, and creditors want to see real money, or they refuse to sell. A small amount a day or week is never noticed. Try it; you will be surprised how the amount grows. And let us try to carry along some good habit or resolution begun in the Lenten season—continue it through life. Each Lent ought to see us continuing at least one good resolution for life, so that by and by, as the years pass, we will have a collection of virtues awaiting us in the safe-deposit box of heaven when the Eternal Judge calls us before Him for an accounting. LET US BE "MISSION-MINDED"!

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Last month we printed an S-O-S call for clothing for the above mission. Their "charity-box room" is almost empty, and there is nothing to give those who come asking for a warm garment or two to replace their rags. Besides, there are the school children; they are supplied first, and the older Indians after these have been provided for. The little ones' clothes are wearing out, and there are no new garments to give them, in spite of the Sisters' careful economy and patient mending.

So let us "up and be doing" for Father Justin's children; he needs the things at once, so don't let it slip your mind. Go over your closets and send everything you can do without. If you have no children's things, send adult garments; the good nuns make them over into children's dresses, and whatever is left over is given to the older Indians. One good lady told her pastor about Father Justin's need, and he announced the fact to his parishioners, with the result that many garments were donated. We might all ask our friends and neighbor, and thus gather



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS

together a good supply, qr, as this lady has done, interest the pastor of your church.

OVEN FUND

The following kind benefactors have remembered Father Justin for his Oven Fund: A Friend, Ludington, Mich., \$1.00; Mrs. T. O'Leary, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.00; Miss K. McCue, New Orleans, La., \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky., \$10.00. May God bless all these good friends, and may He raise up many more who will help this hard-working missionary to get the new oven he needs so sorely in order to have good bread for his little children! Send donations direct to Father Justin, or to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., and mark "Oven Fund." Mrs. G. W. Smith, Newark, N. J., has also sent a gift of \$2.00.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Father Sylvester has been planning many months to build a new dormitory for his children, since they are in cramped quarters now, with more children than he ever had before. He had counted on beginning this year, as soon as the ground had thawed out, but now a serious obstacle presents itself. The loan company on whom he had counted for advancing the money needed to begin building operations, has written him that it cannot make the loan, on account of general business depression in the country, and this, says Father, will impose many hardships on the Sisters and children, who will have to put up with much inconvenience until more space is provided. "I was thinking," continues the missionary, "how much safer many a person's investments would have been with us, than in the late Wall Street crash, or in modern oil securities."

That is an idea! This idea has been worked out in city parishes: Lend your money to the missionary, and he will pay you the same interest as the bank, saving him the three or five per cent extra that he must pay to a loan company. Your money is in safe hands; it will never be lost; the mission is growing; Father is working to make it independent and self-supporting. The sooner he has the funds to proceed with his program, the sooner he will arrive at that coveted goal. By lending money to the missionary, you are compounding your interest in heaven.

SEVEN DOLORS INDIAN MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that they had much severe weather this winter, and that there is still a good bit of it to be gone through before milder breezes blow to coax the wild flowers out of their beds. The children had a wonderful Christmas, due to the many boxes sent in by GRAIL readers and others, and Father wishes to thank all these kind persons. He had midnight Mass at the Little Flower school, the second Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, about three miles from the school, and the third at St. Michael's. At the latter place, the music for the Mass was furnished by a choir of male Indians, with organ, violin, and cornet accompaniment, and the excellence of the music reflected great credit on the patient teachers who took such pains to train the Indians.

We print a picture of the interior of the Seven Dolors Chapel; it boasts only a few borrowed pews from the church of St. Michael, and some hand-made benches to take care of immediate needs. Neither have they any Stations of the Cross. Perhaps someone may know of a church where the old stations are being replaced by new, and these may be secured for Seven Dolors Chapel? Or someone may wish to furnish a set of Stations. Write Father Ambrose about it.

And do not forget to send Father any framed pictures you do not need, sacred, patriotic, or landscape, large crucifixes, statues, holy water fonts, etc. Then

there is the organ, victrola, and radio that Father would like to have for the children. We reported \$1.00 received for a victrola last month, and this month we are delighted to announce that Mrs. N., of St. Louis, who does not wish her name to be known, has donated \$5.00 for a victrola. That makes \$6.00, and we know where good used ones may be obtained for \$7.50—any kind, high or console, all in excellent condition. The freight will probably amount to about \$4.00 or so. Who will fill in the amount needed to get this victrola, so the children may have some enjoyment? Remember, music refines the soul, and the Indian child has a natural ear for all harmony. They have so little, and we so much. Let us hear from you. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

LETTER OF AN INDIAN BOY

Dear Benefactor:

I am happy to write you this little letter, and thank you for what you have done for our new school. I thank you also for the clothing that you sent us. We need church pews and overalls. I pray for you every day.—Gratefully yours, Alfred Cavanaugh.

LETTER FROM A MISSION CLUB

Dear Clare Hampton:

Am sending you a box of rosaries and medals, and hope you can make good use of them; will continue sending articles to you, also tin foil, gathered from my friends and myself. You would be surprised if I told you that many people never heard of such a thing, but are glad to help when they learn of the poor missions. I am Chairman of a Charity Club, which is divided into Bands. Miss T. Schmidlin of Norwood, Ohio, and her friend are sending a package of new rosaries. I am going to help you all I can. Wishing you the best of success, I remain, Sincerely,

Mrs. Elizabeth Brickhoff,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

May God bless Mrs. Brickhoff, and Miss Schmidlin and the charity club for the lovely and varied articles in the box; these will be divided between the three missions. May others be encouraged to form like bands; then write in and tell us about them.

THANKSGIVING FOR FAVOR GRANTED

Father Ambrose announces a gift of \$6.25 from Mr. Leo J. Schlaechter, Columbus, Ohio, which he sent to Seven Dolors Mission "in thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a favor granted."

SILVER FOIL

The following kind friends sent in silver foil: Mrs. A. Heitlinger, Leavenworth, Kans.; Miss Rose Schwebel, Great Bend, Pa.; Carmelite Sisters, Bettendorf, Iowa; Mrs. W. J. Donovan, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, (4th or 5th package); Mrs. E. J. Madigan, St. Louis, Mo., (also medals, holy pictures); Miss Lucia Kohrs, Torrington, Conn.; Miss Mary Zender, St. James, Minn.; Mrs. J. Hovancee, S. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. M. Lynch, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. W. L. Grasman, Brooklyn, N. Y. (a faithful friend); Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Pa.; Mrs. A. Pivarnik, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. M. McNamara, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. C. A. Mow, New Orleans, La.

The following sent rosaries, prayer books, medals, holy pictures, quilt patches, etc.: Mrs. J. J. Redmond of New York City sent a wonderful box of articles, and Miss K. Redmond a smaller one later; Mrs. Steve Straka, Whiting, Ind.; Miss F. Glauber, Paducah, Ky.; Miss Cath. Heafey, Newark, N. J.; Miss E. Lyons, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Driscoll, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss J. Reid, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss L. Klinker, Phila.,

(Continued on page 566)



MATER DOLOROSA

She kept the vigil 'neath the tree
Where hung the Crucified;
She shared His cruel agony
Until He slowly died.
And since that blessed, bitter day,
How many weary eyes
Have lifted from the battle's fray
To see against the skies
The Cross, the Christ, so white and stark—
The Mother standing there;
Then suddenly life seemed less dark,
Less burdened with despair.

—Nancy Buckley.

HAVE YOU WILL-POWER?

In an interesting article on "Character-Building" the Irish "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" for March, 1930, has the following to say about "Will-Power," which should be of interest to our Boys and Girls and to their parents too:

"One of the principal factors in character formation is will power. Many people, possessing genuine ability and lovable qualities, ruin their lives through want of will. The idler, the gambler, the drunkard, realize the misery in store for themselves and their loved ones, yet their will is too weak to enable them to break the chains they have forged for themselves. A strong will helps towards success in life. The great patriots, explorers, founders of Orders, and others who have pursued single-mindedly one object in life and achieved it, have done so by sheer will power. They faced and overcame obstacles which would daunt less determined men. It is in youth that will power can best be developed, and various practices help towards that end. For example, the boy who refrains from sweets on Fridays and in Lent will, in after life, have the power to refrain from the immoderate use of intoxicants. The girl who can close an interesting book the moment her mother calls her or when the time comes for her home lessons will not become a slave to pleasure or fashion."

What is here said about strong drink, or intoxicating liquors, may possibly apply with equal force in the United States, even though "officially" our country is "dry." The illegal making of whisky, or "moonshine" as it is popularly called, is so general that it is a real menace to the morals of our young people. What formerly could be gotten only at the saloon is now frequently kept in the cellar or in some other convenient place. We shudder to think of the evil influence this liquor is hav-

ing upon the character of our young people. The need of a strong will is perhaps greater to-day than ever before. By exercising a muscle, you strengthen it; by exercising the will, you strengthen it too and acquire will power. To gain this strength of will, often deny yourself in some little thing or other just to prove that *you can, if you will*. Frequent acts of self-denial form a habit and give you will power.

TEST OF A HERO

Oh, it's easy to fight in the cause of the right
When it's surely, steadily winning,
To nobly stand with a gallant band
While plaudits loud are dinning;
For nothing inspires and fans the fires
Of our noblest, best endeavor,
Like knowing success will crown our best
And glory be ours forever.
But to stand with the few and yet be true
To a seemingly losing cause;
To fight for the right with all our might,
With never a note of applause;
To stand like a brave in the face of a grace,
O'ercast with the cloud of defeat,
This, this is the test of a hero, the best,
A hero we seldom meet.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

The Pacific end of the Panama Canal is farther east than the Atlantic end of it. For this reason at that particular point the sun rises over the Pacific and sets over the Atlantic.

We usually picture to ourselves Venice in Italy as being far to the south, but, in fact, that city is in about the same latitude as Montreal in Canada, while Glasgow, Scotland, is in the same latitude as Alaska.

If Cuba were stretched over the States, beginning at New York, it would reach to Chicago.

Berlin, Germany, is a little to the north of London, and London is in about the same latitude as the northernmost point of Newfoundland and the southernmost point of Hudson Bay in Canada; Salt Lake City, New York, Madrid, Rome, and Constantinople are about on a line east and west, somewhat above the 40th degree of latitude; Denver and Pittsburgh are on that degree, while St. Louis, Washington, and Peking, China, are a little below it.

The mouth of the Amazon River is as near to Europe as it is to New York.

The entire continent of South America lies east of Florida.

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MAN PROPOSES

They sealed the tomb
With greatest care;
They set the guards
A-watching there;
And went their way
Exultantly.

GOD DISPOSES

The means they took,
In fear of fraud,
Give proof most strong
That Christ is God,
And that He rose
Triumphantly.

—Thos. P. Hart.

THE SACRIFICE OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS

(A True Story)

There are men whom the world praises as heroes because they have shed their blood in defense of their country. Such men are truly worthy of praise for their civic virtues, their bravery, and love of country, but how often, alas! is vainglory, the desire of fame, the leaving behind of a great name to be admired by men the only reason for their zeal, and hence, in the sight of God their works are of little or no value. They have received their reward here and will get none in the next life. True heroism and the seeking of self cannot exist together.

There are others who have performed great deeds for their fellowmen and for their country by promoting God's honor and glory and the welfare of their fellowmen. They lived and sacrificed themselves to save others from moral or temporal destruction. Contrary to their natural taste they renounced the pleasures of this world and in their zeal for the salvation of souls and the honor of their God even endangered their lives. Such are true heroes both with God and with man. Should their memory be forgotten by future generations, their names and their deeds are in everlasting memory with God and His angels.

Another kind of heroes are those whose lives and deeds are unknown to the world. Many of these have already gone to receive their eternal reward; others pass through life almost unobserved. Of such the poet says:

"As heroes of a faith sublime
They lived on earth, but not for time."

They have gained victories over themselves and over the spirits of darkness for God's honor and glory and for the benefit of mankind, but the scenes of their battle and their victories are hidden from the eyes of men, although they do not escape the all-seeing eye of God. However, their victories are not less great, nor the conquerors less glorious, even if the battles have been fought in secret.

AN HEROIC SACRIFICE

A heroine of this latter kind, one whose deeds were done in secret, we shall now introduce to our readers.

More than thirty years ago there lived in the city of L—a pious family that consisted of father and mother and five well-trained children. Therese and Mary, the two eldest, had made their solemn Holy Communion. Mary, the younger of these two, was a girl of twelve. Under the care of their pious mother these two had grown up humble and innocent, untouched by the spirit of the world. Therefore the eye of Him who is the friend of the lambs of the flock rested with divine pleasure on these two little flowers of innocence. Lest they be defiled by the false maxims of a wicked world, the Good Shepherd plucked one of these tender flowers from the garden of life and transplanted it in the garden of paradise to bloom forever. The other He left here for a while longer to gain greater merit before God and men. But this is getting ahead of our story.

The mother of these children was taken very ill. To all appearances she could not recover. At once the priest was called to administer the last sacraments. During the holy ceremony the good children knelt around the sickbed of their beloved mother and from the innocent hearts of these little ones fervent prayers were sent up to the throne of God for her recovery. A profound confidence animated their hearts, because they knew that He dwelt in their midst who by an act of His all-powerful will had once healed the sick while He was on earth in human form. Could He not now restore their dear mother to good health as He did others in the long ago?

After the sacred ceremony was over, the priest, accompanied by the children, returned to the church. Here they remained for some time in fervent prayer for their mother. How earnestly they prayed, especially Therese and Mary, we can understand when we hear what an heroic sacrifice these two made in behalf of their mother. Although neither of the two girls knew the intention of the other, each offered herself as a victim to the Divine Savior to die in the place of their mother. The Savior accepted their offer, if we may judge by what followed.

Divine Providence, it would seem, sent this illness to their mother in order to inspire these girls with such an heroic resolution. Consoled and full of hope that their prayers would be heard, they went back home to find their mother resting peacefully. During the days that followed she grew better from day to day and soon her health was completely restored.

THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED

In fervent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament the two little ones had entered, as it were, into a contract with the Divine Savior. The mother had been restored to health, now came the second part of the contract, the acceptance of the gift that was offered. Mary was the first to fall ill. She was put to bed from which she never rose again. Had the Lord heard her prayer and accepted her offer? Evidently He wished to take her soul to Himself. The heroic act by which she had offered herself that her mother might be spared, was undoubtedly pleasing to Him. A second time Jesus entered under this same roof in Holy Viaticum. This time it was not for the mother but for

the unselfish, generous child. Soon Jesus, the Divine Gardener, came again, unseen by the eyes of men, and took with Him the tender flower to blossom forever in the garden of Paradise. The snow-white garment in which shortly before she had been attired at her solemn Holy Communion served to clothe her earthly remains for burial.

Therese, who had also prayed that God would choose her instead of her mother, was not taken at once. Later on she entered a convent to consecrate her life exclusively to the service of God and her fellowmen by the vows of religion. However, as a young religious, she too was called to eternal life by her Divine Spouse.

Thus God had accepted the heroic sacrifice of these two girls. On the simple headstone that marks the spot in the cemetery where the remains of little Mary await the call of the angels on the last day there is no sign or token to indicate that the dust that lies beneath the sod was once animated with the soul of a heroine. Neither does the simple cross that marks the last resting place of a religious give evidence of great victories won over self, the flesh, the world, and the devil. That remains for God to make known on the last day.

WISHES

I'd rather be a *Could Be*
If I couldn't be an *Are*;
For A *Could Be* is a *May Be*,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a *Has Been*
Than a *Might Have Been*, by far;
For a *Might Have Been* has never been,
But a *Has* was once an *Are!* —Selected.

AN OFFERING

All my work throughout the day,
Every footprint on my way,
Every solace I may give,
Every want I may relieve—
For Thy love, my God, shall be.
Praise and honor, Lord, to Thee!

All my labor, all my care,
Every burden I may bear,
Every word my lips disclose,
All my hours of sweet repose
For Thy love, my God, shall be.
Praise and honor, Lord, to Thee!

When life's lamp has ceased to burn
And my dimming eyes I turn
To Thy Cross to bid farewell,
When my heart shall sound its knell,
Let my spirit pure and free
Sing Thy praise eternally!

JOSEPH THOMPSON, Second Year High.

VOCATIONS

All in a row stand the lilies tall,
And the Gardener loves and watches them all:
But while sun slants and rain falls and far winds blow,
Does he brood on the ways their fragrance will go?
For some will smile on a little white table.
To comfort a sick child all they are able,
While others will laugh till they're wearied out
Watching the dancers at their hoymish rout.
And over some the fair singer will tower,
With the world at her feet for a little hour;

More than one blossom in the city's street
Must be broken and crushed by uncaring feet—
And many, forgotten but unforgettable,
Will bloom on in their corner when the sun is setting.
Happy those which young brides shall carry,
Wondering and wistful, on the day they marry;
Happier those, the whitest of the bed,
Chosen to lie beside the blessed dead.
But those on the altar, where angels have trod,
Are happiest of all, whispering to God.
Tall white lilies all in a row,
Does the Gardener brood on the ways you will go?

—By Katherine Bregy.

LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,
When the shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twilight songs you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest;
That wee little boy with tousled head,
That long, long ago was thine;
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
O, little mother of mine!

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber song.
The years have altered the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only the boy, as of old,
O, little mother of mine! —Walter H. Brown.

LETTER BOX

All letters for the LETTER Box should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

A FIDELITY BUTTON will be sent to those who follow these rules carefully and write an acceptable letter. A second acceptable letter will be rewarded with a B-Z-B or DILIGENCE BUTTON.

CORNERITES HEARD FROM

What is all that commotion on the porch? It sounds like a stampede. Ring! Ring! Ring! Please run quickly and see what is the matter. That door bell will be ruined.

What did you say? Some boys and girls who want to come into the CHILDREN'S CORNER! Well, bless their hearts! Tell them to come right in! Welcome, everyone! Now let's get acquainted.

Sylvia Buoscio, 14, of 9752 Avenue M, Chicago, Ill., wants to hear from other girls and boys, and wishes a button. Well, Sylvia, write a letter leaving a margin at each side, and write on one side only of the paper.

Next! Mary Secan, 11, of 3909 Comstock St., Detroit, Mich., writes a nice letter and wins a button. She is in the 5th grade.

Next! Lorraine Jonas, 12, of 3126 Bernard St., Chicago, wishes to join and hopes to have correspondents through the CORNER, but she disobeyed the rules so she'll have to try again before she wins a button.

Next! Jane McGowan, 14, Cherry Ave., Watertown,

Conn., is a freshman in a Catholic school. She wins a button. Write to her, someone, please.

Next! Helene E. Ehmam, 275 Caroline St., Rochester, N. Y., 12 years old, attends a Catholic school, wants to hear from others. Give her a button.

Next! Catherine Bayle, 12, of 117 W. 4th St., Bridgeport, Penna., attends a Catholic school. Send her a button, and tell some of the others to write to her.

Next! Rita Raske, 14, of 6110 Dakin St., Chicago, Ill., writes a fine letter. Here, hand this to the editor to hang on the copy hook for publication.

Next! Phillip Ossify, 18, New Orleans, La., stands up to defend the boys. Fine for you, Phillip! Hang this letter on the copy hook, too. I want everyone to read it.

Next! Another boy? That's the spirit! Casimir Aksomaitis, 40 Avenue B, Silver Lane, Conn., rises to remark that he is no slacker. This letter must be printed, too.

Next! Sylvia Buoscio, 14, of 9752 Avenue M, Chicago, Ill., writes a second time and wins a button. She enjoys THE CORNER so much that she can scarcely wait for the magazine to reach her. Thank you, Sylvia.

Alice Fitzgerald, 13, of 87 South St., Waterbury, Conn., is from the "Brass City." She attends a Catholic school. She wishes to hear from other Cornerites.

Virginia Killion, 12, of 2119 U. Rural St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes for the first time and wins a button.

The following win buttons, and each wishes to hear from others:

Anna McIntyre, 14, of 838 E. Brown St., Gloucester, N. J.

Alice Dykowski, 16, of 8003 Cole's Avenue, Chicago. Angela Klapheke, of 1939 Roanoke Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Helen Coyne, 10, no address.

Marie Clark, 7, of 73 East Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Roberta Clark, 8, of 73 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Jane Clark, 12, of 75 East Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

We cannot publish all the letters although we wish we might. However the most interesting letters are sure to get into print. Please write again for a beautiful B-Z-B Button. Be sure your letter contains something worthwhile. Describe something you have seen, or tell about some public function you have attended; review a worthwhile story; tell how to play a game; what is your club doing? Are you planning a trip? What do you read? Yours for better letters,

AUNT AGNES.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Gee, but it is somewhat humiliating to read what some of your nieces write about us boys not writing any letters to you. My excuse for not writing before is that I have been receiving "The Grail" for a very short time.

I am sixteen years old, but I promise to answer letters from Cornerites of all ages.

This is my first attempt at writing to you (but I hope that this does not mean this letter should go to the wastebasket.) I hope that I will be accepted as your nephew, and as a member of the "Cornerites."—Sincerely yours, Casimir Aksomaitis, 40 Avenue B, Silver Lane, Conn.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

In reading the letters in the February issue I notice the boys are being given the "raze" by the numerous female correspondents. So if I am not too old, I would like to become your nephew and try to show some of your nieces that boys can really write interesting letters.

I live in quaint old New Orleans and I can write some letters describing this city to correspondents, if I get any through this medium.

So come on, boys and girls, from fifteen to one hundred years old, try this "would-be nephew" and see if you can get an interesting letter.

Hoping this letter is published and wishing lots of luck to Aunt Agnes, I close, remaining, Sincerely yours, Phillip Ossify, 2522 Onzaga St., New Orleans, La.

My Dear Aunt Agnes:

I certainly enjoy reading the Grail Magazine, and especially the Children's Corner, some of the Children write such interesting letters.

You can imagine the astonishment of the many Cornerites on seeing a letter in the Grail by two boys, Edward and Laurence Edwards, you know there are hardly ever any letters from boys, and they certainly were right in saying the girls are ahead of the boys.

I have heard from one of my friends of a delightful trip that was made by her to Starved Rock, which is in La Salle County, Ill. She has told me many delightful things about this place of which I am going to give a summary. One hundred and thirty-two years after the last of the Illinois Indians had perished on the top of this rock—though known only in later years as Starved Rock, the State of Illinois, to commemorate this event, purchased the site of this picturesque legend from Ferdinand Wolther, converting it into Starved Rock State Park.

I hope one and all of the boys and girls will correspond with me, and I wish Edward and Laurence Edwards would write to me about their interesting alley cat, as I am very fond of cats.

Why I almost forgot to introduce myself. I am attending St. Pascal's School, and am in the eighth grade.

Hoping this letter never sees the inside of a wastebasket, I will close, wishing I would receive a fidelity button, and many Correspondents, I remain, Your loving niece, Rita Raske, 6110 Dakin St., Chicago, Ill.

EXCHANGE SMILES

"Are these animals carnivorous?" asked the pupil who had learned the big word in school. The keeper of the animals at the Zoo scratched his head and then answered with a smile, "They were, Miss, when we got them, but they are all right since we washed them in carbolic."

Two high school girls were discussing a recent sorority initiation.

"I hear Bluebell joined while I was away," said one. "That's right," the other assented.

"And what kind of an initiation did they hand her?" inquired the classmate.

"Well, they were severe with Bluebell," was the answer.

"Severe?"

"Went pretty far with her hazing. They made Bluebell help her mother with the dishes for six consecutive evenings."

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what is a niche in a church?"

Pupil: "Why, it's just the same as an itch (a niche) out of the church, only you can't scratch so well."

OY! OY! OY!

An oyster met an oyster

And they were oysters two.

Two oysters met two oysters

And they were oysters, too.

Four oysters met a pint of milk

And they were oyster stew.—Selected.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 561)

Pa.; Miss Cath. Coyle, Providence, R. I.; Miss Anna Feller, Harrison, O.; Mrs. A. F. Quinn, Germantown, Pa.; Miss Julia Connor, Washington, D. C.; Miss A. Kugler, Portage, Wis.; I. M. Bannister, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss L. Cushing, New Orleans, La.

May God pour His choicest blessings on all those who took such a wonderful interest in the missions, and so carefully packed these boxes. Come again, dear friends! Send boxes (except clothing), to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Patronize our beadwork and embroidery bureau, work done by the Indians.

Adult moccasins, \$3.50, very fine; Handbags, \$2.50 and \$3.00; headband, \$2.00; War club, \$2.00; children's moccasins \$1.50; babies' 75¢; woven necklaces, \$1.00; perfumed rose beads, 50¢; silk quilt tops, \$8.00; 3-piece buffet set, 50¢; embroidered rompers, child 2½, \$1.00; knife, fork, and spoon cases, \$1.00 each; infant coat, white serge, featherstitched in pale blue, \$3.00; 2 embroidered scarfs at \$1.00 each; 4 larger scarfs at \$2.00 each; Emb. laundry bag in pink, 75¢; emb. luncheon cloth with four napkins, \$3.00; Square emb. cushion top, \$1.00; crocheted garters, 75¢; crocheted star doily, 35¢. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo. Remittance must accompany orders.

Kweery Korner

(Continued from page 559)

Is there a difference of meaning in these words: beads and rosaries?—Cleveland, Ohio.

Yes. A bead is just one single berry, jewel, or unit of the entire number that go to make up the rosary. The rosary is the complete set of beads and chain whereon are said the prayers in honor of Our Lady. At times, though, the words rosary and beads are used synonymously.

Is it not proper to kneel for a priest's blessing?—Atchison, Kans.

Yes. This is always the case when the priest gives the blessing to a person individually and during the Mass. During the blessing sometimes given at the end of a sermon, it is not necessary to kneel.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 534)

not help feeling the intensity of the struggle between the Prince of life and the prince of death.

PASSION SUNDAY

The Gospel of this Sunday speaks of the argument between Jesus and the Jews, in which He publicly and openly accuses them of their perversity: "If I say the truth to you, why do you not believe Me?.... because you are not of God." Here we see how far obstinacy and perversion of will can drive people. The Jews on this occasion deliberately disregard the meaning of Christ's words, and when He claims priority of age and dignity to Abraham and the prophets, they brazenly insult Him by charging Him with the sin of blasphemy. Not only that, but their blind madness is about to per-

petuate here and now, within the very walls of the temple, the dark deed which God will reserve till the solemn feast of the Passover. Indeed, the shadow of the cross falls upon Jesus even now, and henceforward the Church refers familiarly to the Holy Cross in Mass and in the Divine Office. In the hymn *Vexilla Regis*, sung at Vespers on this Sunday, she thus salutes the Cross:

Forth comes the Standard of the King:
All hail, thou Mystery adored!
Hail, Cross, on which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored!

PALM SUNDAY

During the week preceding this Sunday our souls are filled with sentiments of sorrow at the impending trials which our Savior must undergo. He tells His disciples (Gospel for Monday) that He will shortly leave them, and that they can not follow Him. We next behold the Savior of men, fleeing into Galilee because the hostility of His own countrymen endangered His life (Gospel for Tuesday). Finally, His stupendous miracle, the raising of Lazarus to life, a deed which was certainly a work of charity and mercy, is made the pretext for encompassing His downfall, and Caiphas the highpriest pronounces His death sentence (Friday's Gospel). In the midst of all this degradation and seeming disaster for Jesus, the Gospel read on Sunday at the solemn blessing of palms gives us a hurried glance at the divine side of His life, and His heavenly majesty and power are shown forth in the triumphal march into Jerusalem. But this is not for long, for the history of the Passion, as narrated by St. Matthew, gives us to understand that the Jews mean business and that the days of Jesus are numbered.

Prayers Requested

A priest who has long been zealous in the service of God is afflicted with what is, humanly speaking, an incurable disease. He earnestly solicits the prayers of our readers that, if it be God's holy will, he may be restored to health, so as to take up his labors again. He is of the opinion that some improvement has already set in and that he is on the road to recovery. Let us beg God to grant his petition.

Abbey and Seminary

—An excellent concert of classical music was given under the direction of Father Thomas by the Symphony Orchestra in the auditorium of the College "gym" on the afternoon of Feb. 23. The eight selections of the orchestra were interspersed with four songs by the College Glee Club, a piano solo by Mr. Edwin Sahm, of the Seminary, and Schubert's "Der Wanderer," a baritone solo, by Mr. A. D. Baumgarten, also of the Seminary, delighted the audience, which demanded an encore.

—The meeting of the St. Meinrad Alumni Association took place at the Indianapolis Athletic Club, In-

dianapolis, on Feb. 26, was an enjoyable affair. On the Menu at the dinner, which was part and parcel of the gathering, we observed several dishes with a Benedictine flavor. There was "Consomme Subiaco," "Breast of Capon—Gregorian," "Creme Parfait Monte Cassino," etc. Father Prior Columban, who was passing through the city at the time, represented the Abbey. The next annual meeting will be held at French Lick.

—With threatening mien and bristling mane mid a roaring tempest that swept over us, leaving in its wake snow and ice, March pounced upon us like a lion on its prey. But then the ground hog had seen his shadow on Candlemas day and it had no other choice to make. The month kept up its reputation for weathers and seasons with sometimes as many as four in one day.

—The great event of the month at the Abbey was, of course, the election of a Coadjutor Abbot, which is mentioned on another page of this issue. The afternoon of the 10th was taken up with preliminaries for the election on the morning of the 11th. The students seemed to sense that the election would mean to them the sacrifice of their beloved rector, and in this they were not mistaken as the event proved. Father Anselm Schaaf was the new rector appointed to fill the uncompleted term of office.

—From June of last year until March the 11th Father Columban bore a heavy burden, serving the community not only as treasurer but also as Prior and administrator of the Abbey as well. On the night of St. Joseph's day Father Coadjutor Abbot expressed the sentiments of the community in a few well-chosen words of gratitude and appreciation for the very satisfactory manner in which Prior Columban had discharged his onerous duties in trying times. Moreover, he relieved him of the duties of Prior but committed to him those of procurator instead. This new appointment he will exercise in conjunction with the office of treasurer. The office of Prior was bestowed as a "name-day gift" upon Father Benedict, who exercised his office for the first time on the following day at the first Vespers of St. Benedict on March 20th. The new Prior was also celebrant of the Solemn High Mass on the great feast.

—On the feast of St. Benedict word came that Father Philip Bauer, O. S. B., had died rather suddenly the night before at Wuerzburg, Wis. Father Columban left at once to get the remains and bring them back to the Abbey for burial. The funeral was held from the Abbey Church on Wednesday, March 26. At 7:30 a. m. the Office of the Dead was chanted. This was followed shortly after 8 o'clock by a Solemn Requiem, which was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Abbot-elect. The remains were then laid to rest in the community cemetery.—Father Philip (Michael Bauer), who passed his fifty-second birthday on Feb. 15, was a native of Bavaria. Coming to America as a boy, he entered St. Meinrad College with the intention of preparing himself for the priesthood. He entered the novitiate at St. Meinrad in Sept. 1895. One year later he pronounced his simple, but perpetual vows, and on June 1, 1901, he was ordained to the priesthood. First

he was a teacher at St. Meinrad, then at Jasper. For quite a number of years past he was engaged in parochial duties at various places. R. I. P.

—It is meet that a word be said in praise of the zealous missionary spirit brought to light in the recent meetings of the Bishop Marty Unit of the C. S. M. C. in the College. A word of encouragement goes long way, and the mission meeting held on the eve of St. Benedict's day, March 20, was well worth the meed of praise bestowed upon it. The Rt. Rev. Abbot Ignatius, whose presence the students considered a high commendation in itself, lauded the members of the Second Latin class for the spirit of cooperation, the individual effort, and the originality shown in their production of a mission sketch composed by themselves. By means of a scene cleverly laid in the business offices of a large missionary paper, the members of the staff succeeded in giving the audience the essential statistics and general information regarding the present status of the African missions in a way by no means dry or uninteresting. The Rev. Moderator, Father Anselm, clinched the moral presented by reminding the crusaders that our Savior's first missionary journey, His flight into Egypt, was directed toward the countries of the South, hence, toward Africa. The hope was also expressed that the coming meeting, to be sponsored by the students of the First Latin class, would form the climax of the Unit's missionary endeavor for the present school year.—V. D.

Book Notices

From the sunny south comes a neat, vest-pocket volume in brown fabrikoid coat with cream lining and padding, bearing the surname of "Interlude," by Chas. J. Quirk, S. J., the poet of simple sublimity. The collection contains 32 short poems on various subjects that have appeared in a score of magazines.—P. K.

My Stations of the Cross, by Rev. Francis C. Young. Price \$25. Published by the Keystone View Co., Meadville, Pa.—The Devotion of the Stations finds many votaries during the Lenten season. To gain the countless indulgences attached to this devotion two conditions must be fulfilled. The person must move, if possible, from station to station without notable interruption and meditate or reflect on some phase of our Savior's passion. To meditate is to consider some truth earnestly in order to apply its lesson to oneself and resolve to live according to it in future. Those who claim they cannot meditate, or cannot make the Way of the Cross because it takes too long, and those, who are seeking a new stimulus for an old devotion, will find in this novel manual of devotion inspiring reflections with personal application in verse. The illustrations of the stations are beautifully lithographed on coated paper and bound in an embossed cover of heavy paper.—P. K.

Happyland, as the author, Ola Gates Blagden, says, is "a graphic portrayal of truth," in the form of a play. Truth, wisdom, peace, purity, love, mirth, joy, good will, faith, strength, honor, meekness, and so on, are personified and are introduced to impress the prevailing thought of the whole play: "Every wrong can be made right, with love, more love." But it is to be doubted whether the "youths and maidens of our fair world" to whom the book is dedicated will read it, as it will not captivate and hold their interest.—Price, \$1.00. Christopher Publ. House, Boston.—P. K.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XXII—A STARTLING DISCOVERY

(Continued)

ON the day before the Ball Morton called up, and she again accepted his offer to escort her, for convenience' sake, though she would rather not have gone at all. But she had been asked to act on the floor committee, and so there was nothing else to do but go. She left the studio early in the afternoon, so as to be able to rest a little before the affair. Thelma was blissful over the prospect of the dance, and hoped at last to be able to introduce Terry.

Morton arrived with a huge corsage of orchids and white violets, and Lucilla was a dream in white satin etched out in rhinestones, with diamond necklace and tiara. The affair took place at the exclusive Santandeau Club, and the main ball room was a bower of palms and roses.

While Lucilla was busied with her duties, Morton sauntered off in the direction of the billiard rooms, but returned a little later, when he thought she would be free to dance. Ponderous as he seemed, he was a wonderful dancer. He eyed her with approval.

"You will pardon me if I tell you that you are absolute queen here to-night. I never saw you looking so wonderful!" The compliment left her unmoved.

"Mort," she said, "you ought to know by this time that I accept such praise from but one person in the world." He raised his brows.

"And that is?"

"My husband, of course."

"Always the staid and prim. But it becomes you—increases your charm. I notice you use the word 'praise' in preference to 'flattery.'"

"Flattery is no compliment; honest praise is."

"Then accept my words as honest praise. I mean it." She tapped him playfully on the arm with her fan.

"Mort, you are hopeless."

"But not dangerous." They walked off, arm in arm. "I don't mind telling you," he continued confidentially, "that I have been 'made safe for democracy' forevermore. Thelma took care of that. I suppose, being her confidante, you know about it."

"I do, Mort, and I am very, very sorry. I pleaded in your favor; you would have been a safe, sane harbor for her. But you can't save some people; they insist on learning their own lessons, however bitter."

"You say you did speak in my favor? Well, I appreciate that very much."

"What sort of man is he, Mort? I do hope everything will turn out all right for her, though I am very much afraid—" A sort of spasm passed over his face, but he controlled it.

"He is—what can I say? He is not altogether a square man."

"Oh, the poor child! I thought as much. Yet she thinks him a paragon of perfection."

"Naturally—they all do, until the crash comes."

"I do hope she will not be made to suffer! She is so honest, so wholehearted and impulsive!" Morton looked at Lucilla sidewise, and then turned away to hide the hard smile that contorted his lips. "Oh, look! There's Thelma now! And Ted is coming too! There is such a crowd, I can hardly see. Which one of those men is Terry, Mort? Thel promised to introduce me to-night; I am so anxious to meet him!" The newcomers all separated into the various dressing rooms. "I don't suppose you'll want to meet Terry, will you? So you'll excuse me if I leave you while she introduces me. Oh—oh, why, Mort—look, here she comes, and Ted is holding her arm. Is it possible—Ted said he was taking someone—Mort, what do you make of it? Thel said Terry was bringing her and—" Morton's face wore a hard, strained expression. In silence, he led her out of the ballroom to a bench in the conservatory, and handed her a glass of punch. In silence Lucilla took it, watching his face in bewilderment. He took her free hand and seated himself beside her.

"Mrs. Rawn, I've tried to tell you several times, but I couldn't. And now the unpleasant job falls to me anyhow. Listen: Ted and Terry are one and the same; now do you understand?" Her face went white, and the glass she held went splintering upon the marble in a thousand fragments.

"Ted?" she repeated in a low voice, staring before her. "My Ted? Thelma receiving the attentions of my Ted, and telling me about it—making a fool of me—oh, the low, abominable hypocrisy of it! My God, how I believed in her, defended her!" she agonized.

"Now you understand why I warned you against her. I tried to tell you that night, but somehow—"

"You knew it all along?"

"Yes; I've known it for some time." She began to appreciate his kindness and interest in her welfare, and clung to him now as a trusted friend.

"Take me home, Mort, please. I can't bear to remain after this."

"Why not just stay and show them you don't care?"

"Oh, I couldn't, Mort, I couldn't! I must get out of their sight! My Ted! My Ted! Oh, it's horrible!" And she covered her face with her hands, and her body trembled from head to foot.

"Can you wait here a moment? I'll get you something to buck you up a little."

"No, no, Mort. I don't want anything to drink. I couldn't; it would choke me. Come; I am going at once." And rising unsteadily, she drew a deep breath and resolutely walked out of the room, Morton holding tightly to her arm. They went to the check room, and as he held her wrap for her, Thelma suddenly darted out of the crowd and hurried toward them.

"O, Lu! Where are you going? Not home already?" Lucilla gave her a stricken look.

"Thelma Martens, don't you ever speak to me again," she said in a low voice. "And I don't ever want to see you again as long as I live! Never! Never!" She was so shaken, her teeth began to chatter uncontrollably, and turning, she hurried down the foyer toward the grand staircase. But Thelma detained Morton.

"Mort, in God's name, what's happened? What is it all about? Has Cil gone crazy?" Morton looked at her with narrowed eyes, indigation and incredulity struggling for the mastery.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" he ground out.

"Of course not; else, why would I ask?"

"Why did you come here with him?"

"With whom? Terry? Well, why shouldn't I?"

"You knew she would be here."

"Of course I knew. What has that to do with it?"

"You don't know who your escort is, eh?" He was becoming sarcastic.

"My escort—has everyone gone crazy? Why he's Terry Ardmore, your chauffeur, if you don't know it!"

"Yes, I ought to know; but he's not my chauffeur, nor has he ever been! Have you ever wondered how it was he could be off every night, using my car, when he was supposed to be in my service? And how do you suppose a chauffeur obtained an invitation to this affair? This isn't a coal heaver's ball or an ash driver's picnic, you know." Thelma turned pale and her heart sank.

"Not your chauffeur—then who—?"

"Make a good guess, Thelma. Put two and two together. He had you fooled all right!" With which words, he left her standing alone in the foyer, and hastened out after Lucilla. The earth was slowly crumbling beneath Thelma's feet, and soon there would be only a void, a chasm—nothingness! Someone touched her shoulder, and she whirled around fiercely. Ted was smiling lazily and striking a match for his cigarette.

"What have they been telling you?" he asked. Feeling suddenly old and tired, she looked at him, as if from a great distance.

"Tell me the truth now," she said, "no more lying—you are Lucilla's husband? You lied to me all that

time?" Ted laughed again and leisurely flicked off his cigarette ash.

"Why yes, I am her husband. But don't let that bother you. We have a working agreement that neither is to interfere with the other's affairs. It's all right; come on. Let's dance." He reached for her arm, but she jerked fiercely away from him.

"You have a working agreement for me to insult my dearest friend, eh? Oh, isn't it a glorious thing to play Judas to the woman who was always more than sister to me!"

"Oh come, come! Cut the dramatics. Let's get on the floor and forget it. She'll get over it too, in time." But Thelma looked at him so piercingly, so scathingly, that for a moment he cowered under her gaze, and stepped back. She began to walk off, but he caught her arm again.

"Thelma, don't be silly. It was bound to come out some day—"

"Go away! I'd sooner have a toad touch me! And don't follow me. I'm going home alone. And don't ever try to see me again! Do you understand?"

And having obtained her wrap, she went out and hailed a taxi.

CHAPTER XXIII—THE DELUGE

When Lucilla reached home, she felt so utterly weary in body and mind, that her one thought was, forgetfulness in sleep. She sought her bed at once, nor did she allow her mind to dwell for a moment upon the thought of which her heart was full, lest she be overwhelmed. Everything seemed to have turned to dust and ashes for her; the luxurious furnishings of her home appeared as nothing but a rank mockery. What was it now but a charnel house of dead love—this gilded palace, set like a jewel in the center of its geometrically perfect gardens? What a ghastly crash it was! Desperately she tried not to think—oh, was it all true, or was it but an extravagant nightmare?

Quickly she undressed, leaving the silken, shimmering things lying in a ruthless heap upon the floor. At any other time it would have irritated her exquisite sense of order and neatness to see them there, but now—what mattered anything? What indeed? Her Ted? Could it be possible? Oh no, it could not. But it was! It was! The thoughts reverberated dully through her aching brain, in spite of all her efforts to check them. Howard was not yet asleep, and hearing her mistress return, entered the room, surprised.

"Madame is home early?" she questioned.

"Yes; I was taken ill, so bad to come home."

"Can I bring anything for Madame?"

"No, thank you, Howard. I only want sleep and rest. Good night!"

"Good night, Madame!" Swiftly the girl picked up the things, hung them up in their proper places, and left the room softly on tiptoe, understanding that something was not right, and that her mistress desired only to be left alone. Directly she was gone, Lucilla buried her face in her pillow and remained that way, dry, tearless, until the chaos of her mind gave way to oblivion—the blessed oblivion of sleep!

Next morning she was too ill to rise, so remained abed, and saw no one. She had heard Ted come in about three of the morning, and her agony of the evening was repeated. She did not know that Thelma had gone home as early as she did, and imagined that Ted had but just left her. For three days she kept to her room, and spent most of her time just lying listlessly on her bed, not caring if she lived or died, or if the world ended or went on. On the third day, however, a thought came to her, and taking hold of the telephone book, she looked up a moving company and called them, ordering them to strip the studio in Carroll Street clean, and the contents delivered to her home on Park Drive. She had had more than a sufficiency of Carroll Street. She told herself they were disgusting, sordid, unscrupulous; unconventional—bah! Only another word for license!

That evening she came down to dinner for the first time since the ball, and while she was eating Ted came in and in silence sat down opposite her. And a queer, silent dinner it was. Before the servants, to be sure, they invented commonplaces, so as not to stir up suspicion, but in their absence, there was a ghastly silence. Lucilla's food went back to the kitchen almost untouched. As the dessert was brought, she could bear it no longer, but rose and would have walked away, had not Ted stopped her. He pulled a copy of the "Social Register" from his pocket and handed it to her, indicating a paragraph marked in blue pencil.

"Let me know when you intend filing it," he said grimly. She took it up and read the paragraph. It was a piece hinting about her probable divorce! Her face flushed with indignation.

"Who gave anyone permission to print that?" she asked. He shrugged.

"That's why I asked you when you intended filing it."

"But where did they get such information? Have you said anything?"

"Not a thing, but you chose to make an interesting little scene, and probably some snoopy reporter for the scandal sheet got hold of it."

"I made a scene?" she asked, incredulously, wondering if she had acted in a way to be noticed by others. But he walked away indifferently, puffing at his cigar, and she, sick and nauseated by the trend of affairs, ran upstairs and took refuge in her room again. Fifteen minutes later she heard the front door slam, and a motor start outside.

"I suppose he's going to her again," she commented bitterly, and threw herself over her bed in unspeakable misery. The following morning the studio furniture came, and Lucilla had the men place it up in one of the third-floor rooms. Some of her intimate friends called up too, and asked what truth there was in the paragraph in the "Register."

"There is absolutely not a grain of truth in it!" she replied angrily and emphatically. Annie helped her set the third-floor studio in order. She worked feverishly, feeling that forgetfulness lay only in hard labor. Did she intend giving up her writing career now? Never! She felt she needed it more than ever now—to forget. It was very quiet and nice up there, she had to admit,

and street traffic seemed far below, and would not disturb her. It would be a blessed retreat—a haven from all her sorrows and worries.

(To be continued)

Easter Morn

What is more beautiful and hope-inspiring than a bright, brilliant, sun-drenched Easter morn, with all Nature "on the tip of its toes," as it were, trees budding, birds singing and twittering, grass turning emerald, hyacinths and Easter lilies in full bloom, and shedding forth their ethereal perfume? After the sad days of Holy Week, when our hearts were wrenches with sorrow for the tortures of the Man-God, Who chose "the hardest way" just to prove His love for us; Holy Saturday with its peace and hush, commemorating the sweet rest of the weary, tortured Christ in His quiet tomb—how eagerly the soul lifts up, glad to rejoice with the triumphant Savior rising majestically from the closed tomb and defying seals and cement and heavy stones! How happy are we to shake off the mists and fogs of sorrow and sadness, to be glad with Him Who no longer suffers, Who will never again be put through such a drastic punishment for His ungrateful creatures! As one saint complained to our Lord, "Why didst Thou choose such a terrible manner of redeeming us, Lord, so that my heart must needs break and suffer untold agonies in contemplating the brutalities Thou sufferedst for my redemption?"

How glad we are to think that Mary's beautiful Son need never suffer again! Tender hearts must indeed be torn in thinking on that pathway of barbaric cruelty which He trod, but on Easter morn we breathe a sigh of relief: "Christ is risen!" He suffers no more. He is glorious, shining like the sun, conquering Death and all the petty barriers His foolish enemies have placed about Him, trying to prevent a God from rising from the dead as He predicted! But it is being done to-day; Christ's enemies still live, still try to prevent faithful souls, wistful souls, longing souls, from believing in that Maker Who spread all this glorious panorama of beauty about us, in that Redeemer Who trod the path of torture and death for us, in that Sanctifier Who lifts up the spirits of all those who humbly ask His gifts. Ah, let us pray for those poor benighted souls—atheists, agnostics, pantheists, fallen-away Catholics, Jews—all those who refuse to recognize and adore Christ risen!

The Efficacy of Prayer

"Prayer moves mountains" is an old adage, and yet, many modern people do not take it as literally as they ought. An old missionary Father, preaching a retreat, gave a number of true examples of how wonderfully prayer helped various people who were in trouble, and in these days of modern skepticism and worldliness, it might not be amiss to quote these and renew the courage of souls who have prayed long and hard, yet have not had their intentions granted.

The Holy Ghost, said the Father, showered down His

grace especially when prayed to in mental cases—nerves. One woman who had a very cross, unreasonable husband, from whose irritability she suffered greatly, because of his almost shattered nerves, having tried everything, finally hit upon the idea of praying to the Holy Ghost for Him, saying the prayer, "Come Holy Ghost," seven times daily, as a sort of novena, and asking that his heart "might be filled with sweetness, calm, and content." What wonder when the very evening she began the novena, he came home smiling and peaceful instead of nagging and irritable, and remained kind and companionable all evening? She continued the prayer, and found they always had the same effect. After awhile, thinking the change secure, she ceased praying—with the effect that he again became irritable. So she never forgets to pray for him every day now. Her little daughter was suddenly afflicted with a nervous mental trouble, (probably inherited from the father), and immediately she had recourse to the Holy Ghost—with unmistakable results.

Another woman, who also suffered greatly from her husband's unkindness, obtained his complete reform by praying assiduously and unceasingly to St. Jude, St. Rita, the Little Flower, St. Anthony, the Blessed Mother, St. Benedict, and the Poor Souls. She said a prescribed number of prayers to each every day, no matter how busy she was, (the extra effort probably bringing the desired result) and the more hopeless her intention seemed, the harder she prayed.

A certain mother had recourse to prayer for her son, who had been afflicted with an elusive but troublesome malady from birth, which nothing seemed able to cure, no matter what remedy was tried. Having made novena after novena to various saints without any apparent results, she finally decided to go straight "to headquarters," and told the Sacred Heart that she would go to Mass and Communion daily in His honor, and say ten Our Fathers and Hail Marys, with the ejaculation, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" after each five—daily, for nine days. When there was no improvement, she told our Lord that at the end of each novena, if He still did not hear her, she would double the Paters and Aves, and never cease until she was heard. So in the second novena she prayed twenty Paters and Aves a day. But at the end there still was no improvement. So the third novena was begun with thirty Paters and Aves daily. This time she prayed for light to know what she might do that would cure her son, as she felt the malady had largely become habitual and psychological. She told Jesus that she would keep on indefinitely, doubling her prayers until she was heard. At the end of the third novena an idea struck her, and she tried it—with magical results! It was the Sacred Heart's answer. It worked! So she kept on in gratitude for several more weeks with the thirty Paters and Aves daily—and the cure remained permanent! But there is no room for the other examples; however, may these strike new courage into failing hearts. "Prayer moves mountains," and, as one saint used to say, "The more my prayer seems denied me, the surer I am of being heard!"

Beautifying Your Back Yard

Early spring is the time when we begin fingering the beautiful new seed catalogues that make their appearance in our mail boxes, and it is indeed the proper time to begin planning our summer garden. A back yard may be a thing of beauty or an eyesore, according as we make it, and though there are many people who limit themselves to a severely plain lawn and nothing more, yet there are others of us who "just love" to tinker about in a garden of our own making, watch the opening and developing of one beautiful flower after another, and having the satisfaction of knowing that our own hands planted the seeds or bulbs which are bringing all that pleasure and loveliness.

As a background for flowers, there is no better medium than a wall made of cement and irregular stones, about four feet high. This is not a hard thing to achieve; a trip to the country with a borrowed truck will yield all sorts of stones by the roadside, free for the picking; a few bags of sand and cement, and the rest is easy. It need not be masonically perfect, since irregularity is to be desired for picturesqueness. Then, against this perfect background, we plant hollyhocks, tall and stately, or canna, or dahlias, and in front of these, snapdragons, zinnias, tube-roses, or any other flower that grows to a height of 12 or 15 inches. Then a third row of low-growing flowers, such as dwarf nasturtiums, Chinese pinks, phlox, verbena, or any other of the lovely offerings in the seed catalogues. A pergola at the rear is also effective, where an alley is the background, as vines of many kinds may be trained up over it, and afford a shady resting place at midday, or a playground for the kiddies, where they may have a swing, sandpile, seesaw, and give tea parties to their friends.

A flat flagstone walk is effective too, through the center of the yard, and this may be bordered with box hedge. Where there is a side drive, the pergola may be over this, and grapevines give their pleasant shade, to say nothing of their burden of luscious fruit in late summer. A wading pool for the kiddies is a never-ending joy, for what youngsters do not enjoy splashing in water? Every afternoon in the hot summer sun they may have a miniature water carnival with their friends, a beach of their own, where their little bodies may be hardened for the coming winter. Such a sunken pool is not difficult to construct. It need not be more than two feet deep, may have a sewer drain in the bottom, and is easily filled up with the garden hose. Or, if there are no small kiddies, it may serve as a gold-fish pool, with water lilies floating on top, perhaps a fountain in the center. Any man at all handy with cement and the art of screwing pipes together, can run an iron pipe from the cellar to the center of the yard, where a square or round pool is built around it, a pipe erected upright, and any sort of spray screwed on. A tree just over the pool is not a bad idea, for the pool may then be surrounded by ferns and other shade-loving plants, making it a spot of beauty.

Preparing Your Lawn

The first warm day in spring is the day to begin attending to your lawn. The very first operation, of course, is to take the rake and thoroughly remove all dry grass, weeds, leaves and any loose growth that may have accumulated during the fall and winter. It is well to press the teeth of the rake well into the sod, so as to reach the ground beneath, if possible. And bare spots should be thoroughly raked up and loosened so that seed may take root when applied.

Now, many people think that the next step is to "lime" the lawn. The latest expert advice on this practice is, "don't do it." Liming is done where farm crops are to be raised, but, say those who know, there is a radical difference between raising turf and raising farm crops. The latest approved method is to apply sulphate of ammonia after raking, and before seeding. The sulphate comes in powder form, like fine grey sand, and may be sprinkled on the lawn with the hands. It should be spread on when the lawn is dry; not after a rain, or when wet with dew, as the particles would then adhere to the blades of grass and burn them. On a dry lawn, they will generally fall down between the blades to the ground; the lawn should then receive a good wetting with the hose, so the particles will be washed down into the ground, where they will do their work.

These things need not be done all in one day; rather, each operation had best have a day for itself, especially after spreading on the sulphate. Let a few days elapse before seeding, which is the next thing to do after applying sulphate. After seeding, it is well to apply a light spread of compost all over the lawn—that is, a mixture of good, black loam, old rotted leaves, and manure that has lain at least a year before use. Apply this thinly, and it will enrich the soil. The sulphate eradicates weeds with very little hand labor, since it is beneficial to grass, and disliked by weeds. It also causes grass to grow and spread, so that it crushes out all weeds.

Recipes

When your relish frazzles out toward the end of winter, enough can be made quickly for two or three meals by taking six firm white onions, three green peppers, and a stalk of celery, and mincing all quite fine. Boil two cups vinegar with a cup sugar, a teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and pour hot over the chopped vegetables. Allow to marinate in this two or three hours in a bowl, stirring around now and then. Then place in jar for use, or serve at once.

APRICOT GELATINE: Cook a pound of apricots with a cup of sugar, until juice is almost boiled out; then take a package of lemon or peach flavored gelatine, prepare in the usual manner, and chill. When the gelatine begins to set, pour in the apricots, which have also been chilled, stir thoroughly, and replace in refrigerator in mould. Serve with whipped cream.

Household Hints

Cretonne curtains that have faded may be renewed by buying a box of wax crayons and then going over each leaf and flower in its original tint. Iron afterwards on wrong side and it will blend beautifully.

Have a package of gummed labels always on hand; label bottles, boxes with shoes for various members of the family, bundles to be placed in closets, or anything else to be stored, and you will be saved many an untried orgy when you are looking for something.

For kneeling while scrubbing or waxing floors, one may purchase a soft, porous rubber mat which is a comfort to sore knees.

When cleaning large garments, place the tub with the gasoline outside; take no chances indoors. One woman started her house afire by trying to boil something in gasoline on her laundry stove.

Place an old rug or folded gunny sack at the foot of the cellar stairs to wipe the shoes on, so the ashes and cellar dust may not be brought up into the rooms.

Milk that has been frozen and then thawed out again, and milk that has stood in the sun, develop an unpalatable flavor. Try to prevent this by taking it in at once when delivered.

Never pour greasy gravies down the sink drain, unless you have boiling hot water running from the faucet at the same time, or it will congeal into a solid, immovable mass and cause trouble later.

Never tolerate a single mouse in your cellar; set the trap at once, or call the cat. But in order to play safe, sprinkle pepper on the paraffine atop your jellies, on the glasses that have no lids. Mice will not come near pepper.

A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia and rheumatism. A burning liniment used in connection with the sand, warms up the joints and loosens them up.

Salt should always be eaten with nuts to prevent indigestion.

Place a sweet potato in a wall pocket or hanging basket, and you have a nice winter vine. Fill with sand and keep moist.

Bells of Easter

MARY C. SHAW

On that night of long ago
When our Lord lay in the tomb,
All around was dark despair
—Aching hearts in deepest gloom.

But that night so black and still
Faded into rosy morn;
Dawn's soft breezes, radiant light
Brought a day with joy unbore.

Once again the glad bells peal,
"Hail the happy Easter time,
Let His glorious praises ring
Alleluia, Lord divine!"

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. "Good morning! Good morning, all! I am glad to see you here again."

Mr. R. "Well, I'm here again because I want to ask you a question. They say out in our school district that the stuff they are giving the children to keep them from getting diphtheria is free. Now, I don't think anything in this country is free except the air and the water, if you live beside a spring, and I want to know who is paying for this 'toxin antitoxin' they are talking so much about."

Dr. H. "You are surely beginning to think logically and that is what very few of us do in these days. Somebody does pay for it. The expense comes out of the taxes, and the taxes, when you come to the end of the affair, comes from your pocket and mine."

Mr. R. "That's just what I thought. I was leery of this *free* talk.—So I have to pay for keeping every Tom, Dick, and Harry's child well.—I wouldn't mind it so much if it was done for charity, for then you could expect to be rewarded in the next world. But, No Sir! we are just held up and made pay for things that we don't want and that other people use."

Dr. H. "You surely are developing, Mr. R. But tell me this: What is the difference between giving for charity and paying your tax? You give for charity because your heart is touched by the sight or the story of distress, and you pay your taxes because that is one of our plans for helping those in distress, for you know that a large part of your taxes goes into schools for children who otherwise would have no chance to get any education or for the care of the crippled or the deaf or the blind or the feeble-minded or the insane. In the one case you give because your heart is moved to charity, and in the other, because your head tells you that this is a good way to help the afflicted, but in both cases you are following the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Mr. R. "Well, that is a heck of an idea. Ye'd have me believe that it was a good work to pay my taxes."

Dr. H. "What do you believe about it yourself?"

Mr. R. "I don't think about it at all. This 'thinking' is doing a lot of harm. Taxes are just a way of robbing a man of the fruits of his labor, and its the likes of you talking that's turning the world upside down. The women never ought to get the vote."

Dr. H. "Well, maybe we will repeal the nineteenth amendment when we begin messing around with the eighteenth. Maybe we will repeal every amendment down to the fourteenth, and begin again in the new."

"Well, I don't like taxes, and I wish I lived in a country where there wasn't any."

"I think I know the very place for you, Mr. Rackham. It is right in the heart of Africa. The people are so free there that we might call them wild. They live in great simplicity, and have no schools nor hospitals nor institutions, so they need very little taxes

—just a few bananas for the king or something like that. Would you like to go there?"

Mr. R. "Who? me? I'm no savage."

Mrs. Carey. "If Rackham is through with his arguing, I'd like to know if the common cold was 'taking'?

Dr. H. "Let me assure you, Mrs. Carey, that it is very 'taking.' It is almost impossible for one member of the family to have a cold without all the other members becoming infected, and if it breaks out in a school it generally goes through the whole institution. Of course, you know that not every one will have it as severely as the other, but few will escape entirely."

Mrs. C. "And have they nothing at all to stop it? Can't they give some medicine? I used to see them tie a little bag of something round the children's necks to keep them from sickness, and they said that it worked wonders."

Dr. H. "There were lots of 'wonders' wrought under the heading of 'they said,' but unfortunately we can't 'work wonders' so easily in reality. We are hoping to see the time when we can give the children 'something' that will prevent a cold, just as now they have something that prevents diphtheria, but in the meantime our best preventive is to keep the children and ourselves comfortably clothed and properly fed and assured of a proper amount of sleep. These are the laws with regard to ourselves. The other law is to avoid the presence of any one having a cold as much as possible."

Mr. R. "Will you tell me this? How can the doctor go in and out of homes where they have colds and not catch it himself? What does he do?"

Dr. H. "I think the whole secret of this is that he only goes 'in and out.' If he had to stay in one of these homes all day and all night, he would get the disease just as the father or mother does."

Mr. R. "I always thought he had some sort of cure that he would not give to the others, for fear of spoiling his business."

Dr. H. "You have a very noble idea of the doctor. Would you do that yourself? Would you keep such a thing a secret and see little children sick and suffering, so that you could make a few dollars?"

Mr. R. "I would not."

Dr. H. "Well, then, you might give the doctor credit for being as good as you are anyway."

Easter Bonnets

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

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Seen on every female head,
Tell us of a life new-born,
Each one's gift, when Christ this morn
Rose triumphant from the dead.



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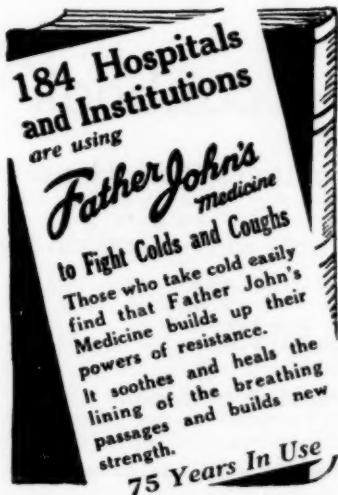
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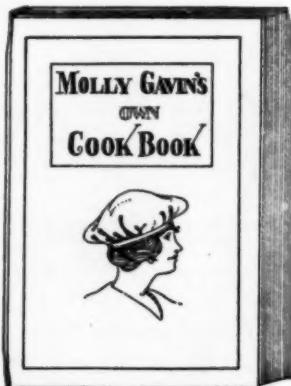
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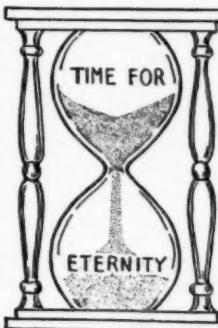
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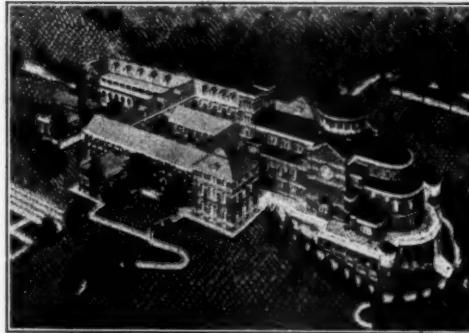
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